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Special Features This Issue

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Summer Cruising – Solo the Americas

Atosis – Simple Boat Food

Volume 29 – Number 9

January 2012

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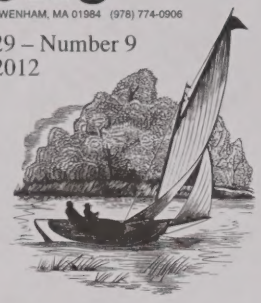
BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906
Volume 29 – Number 9
January 2012



US subscription price is $32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

A new year is here and what will it bring? I'll reserve my predictions to just *MAIB*, for who can tell where the world's runaway spending of money it doesn't have will lead? At a time when we need some giants exercising leadership worldwide we have pygmies in charge.

But back here in our little upstairs office we are confident that the challenges facing us can be handled, with your continuing support providing the income enabling us to be spending money we do have. No deficit spending here, not on the magazine, nor on any other aspect of our lives. Once we got out of the debt acquired in starting up back in 1983 we never went back to deficit spending.

So, in sum, you can expect more of the same as we enter our 30th year. The same doesn't preclude some evolutionary changes, as the content grows in variety with the input from many of you making this possible. And, if and when we come up short for an issue, I cast around for subjects appropriate to our interests to fill the gap from other sources, a favorite of mine being bygone periodicals that catered to our interests long ago. It happens that 100+ years ago writers were not afraid of using all the possibilities inherent in the English language and I really enjoy reading their writing, no sound bites utilizing the minimal 1,000 word vocabularies we are subject to by TV talking heads, nor the 100+/- word text messages using an arcane bastardization of our wonderful language

Filling 60 pages every month requires coming up with quite a lot of material, text and photos. About 10 pages in all are taken up with advertising from our long-standing boosters in the trade looking to serve your needs as small boat builders/users. Then there are regular contributors who fill another 10-12 or so pages (it varies from issue to issue) who I can count on. Matthew Goldman's "From the Journals of Constant Waterman," Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon," the monthly Dinghy Cruising Association Journal articles they generously share with us, likewise the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association, "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design" carried on by Phil's widow Susanne and C. Henry Depew's "From the Lee Rail."

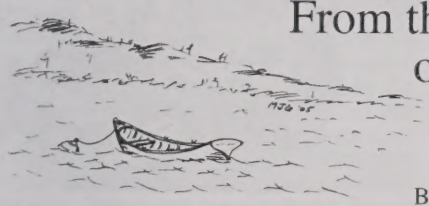
Given this head start I still need to fill 35+/- pages in each issue, all with our small-ish type (for more information per page). Lotsa words and, increasingly, more photos. With ever more photo coverage coming in via the internet I've taken to using more smaller photos of subjects that fit the one column size, reserving larger photo space for subjects requiring more room to be properly displayed. One change that will not happen is going to color photos. Much as I like the color of all these internet photos it is unaffordable with our limited budget to go to color. You'll note in the color magazines the many large ads in color which help to carry the costs. So black and white is it for us, sorta like the old-time newsreel stuff you see on TV sometimes.

Over the years much of our content coming from readers arrived in envelopes with printed (or even handwritten) texts and color photo prints. Increasingly these contributions arrive via the internet with Microsoft Word documents and photo jpgs. Also I am more and more extracting content from emails many of you send around to your lists of acquaintances (to which I have been added) and from the websites of small craft organizations, both enthusiast groups and commercial efforts. As I admire and enjoy the color photo reproduction of these, which I cannot bring to you on our pages, I have taken to providing with the published articles the necessary links for you to go directly to these sites if they are of interest to you. In such cases I assume you might not otherwise know of them, and having used their content for our pages I am happy to direct you to the living color versions.

Obviously the onrush of electronic communication, which is decimating some areas of print media (such as newspapers), will continue like an incoming tide. We fully expect to be able to carry on, nevertheless, with our outdated black and white printed publication. There seems to be enough of you who enjoy it to keep it afloat, and as our life style is not one of conspicuous consumption and we are not attempting to build for our future as we enter our 80s, 2012 and beyond seem quite promising to us. This is dependent on your collective continuing support, for which we thank you.

On the Cover...

The 29th Mid Atlantic Small craft Festival in St. Michaels, MD in October drew a record turnout of enthusiasts and small craft and "enjoyed" small craft warning weather for the Saturday races, to which the assembled multitude responded with vigor. Lots of great photos from Barry Long of the happenings there in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

A couple of days ago, I was messing about on *Moonwind* when the Catalina 25 coasted into her slip across from me. After he secured her, the owner came over to chat. "Saw you heading out Saturday as I was coming in," he said. "You often go out by yourself?"

"Mostly," I said.

"You want to come out with me some time and give me some pointers?" he asked. "I don't know as much as I need to."

"Well," I said. "I could do that."

"Thursday, after lunch," he said. "It's supposed to be a good day." It turned out to be a lovely day: sixty degrees and sunny. A southwest breeze of six knots sufficed to keep his Catalina moving.

"Now she's heeled good," he exclaimed, as a gentle puff tipped his vessel ten degrees. "I don't like it when she heels much more than this." And I thought I was a fair weather sailor. Now, this fellow sort of knew what he was doing; even knew a bit of navigation. He'd kept a flat-bottomed skiff for years, but the only sailboat he'd owned had been a Sunfish. Now he wanted to know about halyard winches and reefing cringles and his Cunningham and the wreck at the mouth of the river. He expressed concern at the way the tide set us; he pinched his boat, then over-compensated. He closed the rent we left in the sea with his personalized zigzag stitch. He worried we might not clear the mark a couple of miles ahead.

"What between tacking and getting set by the tide," he exclaimed, "some days all I manage to do is go over and back in one place." Yep. That's why all those other folks have powerboats. He had an eight horse Evinrude on a bracket. I explained to him about cruising range and water separator filters. I moved his jib sheet block a couple of detents aft. I explained his adjustable traveler. I showed him how the jib could backwind the main.

We went as far as Pine Island, perhaps four miles. Then the tide turned and pushed us back toward Noank. We came about and headed straight offshore. At our meager two knots, our set by the outgoing tide appeared extravagant. "Head up some more," I advised, "or we won't quite clear South Dumpling. There isn't any water between that buoy and the shore."

Well, he didn't, so we didn't, and there never was much, anyway. A hundred yards from the leaning can, it became apparent we weren't about to clear it. "What should I do?" he asked.

"You can come about and hope we can stem the tide," I said. "Or, you can yank on your Evinrude, and power us round the mark."

I reserved the third choice, to carry his Catalina over the island, as a backup. Besides, my lumbar vertebrae aren't as young as we used to be and, with my luck, I'd end up with the heavy end of his boat. The motor performed its walk-on part, and we gave it its due applause. The blocking proved expeditious; we cleared the mark.

Then we fell off and reached between South Dumpling and Fishers Island. At the mouth of West Harbor at Fishers Island, we jibed and headed for West Cove over in Noank. He explained that he'd laid out this course from mark to mark. "Magnetic bearing is 207° from Noank over to here," he said. "I've penciled it on the chart. But I'm not sure what course to set the other way."

We took off our socks and, using all twenty toes and twenty fingers, calculated our heading back to Noank, two miles away. I suggested he head up an extra 10° to offset the tide. He set up his autopilot and both of us took a brief though well deserved nap. It's exhausting work to battle a six knot gale. When we awoke, the Catalina had lined up the day markers leading into Noank. We were both impressed, but I did my best not to show it.

He started the motor, headed up, furled the Genny, dropped the main, and secured it. All I had to do was jiggle the tiller to keep her into the wind. It's great fun, having a crew. He took back the helm and sauntered up the channel and into his slip. I wasn't even required to handle dock lines.

It's been a while since I went sailing and didn't need to hop about like a cricket, furling the bilge and battening down the skeg. One of these days, when I'm famous and rich, I'll hire a captain and crew for *MoonWind*, put my feet up on the taffrail, and scribble my memoirs.

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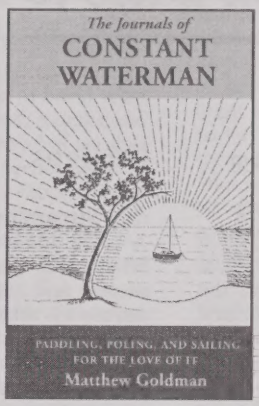

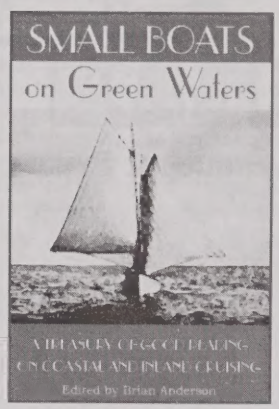

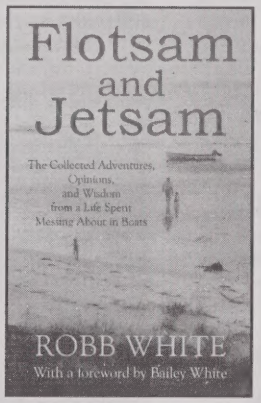
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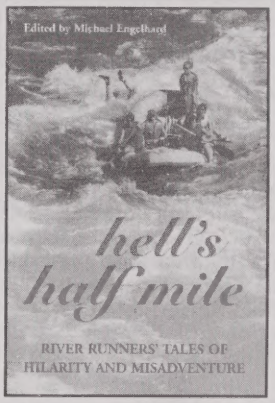

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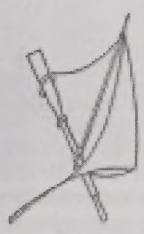

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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Irene's Aftermath

We were out sailing on Rhode Island Sound when we decided we needed to beat it back before Irene, quite literally as the wind was agin us and strong. We managed to break the boat and put into the Connecticut River, where we found a good hurricane hole. We left the boat there and got back home to batten down the hatches the day before Irene waltzed in. Big mess, 1.5' of water in my shop, but others got it much worse than we did. Made the decision to have Multihull Source in Wareham fix the boat.

Our trailer isn't roadworthy, so we sailed her back first part of November, a little warm-up for iceboating. The photo is of the Admiral off Connecticut

We entered a pea souper about 20 miles up the Hudson, but on the starboard side the fog lifted to reveal this "ghost ship" of Henry Hudson's *Half Moon*.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

Designs...

Streamlined Passenger Capsules

We find it easily to believe that a tastefully made sidecar can complement any unique and interesting bike (besides, you can always take this sidecar off, if you wish). Throughout automotive history and today, there exists an incredible variety of styles and shapes of sidecars (including these boating based), thanks to inspired enthusiasts and collectors worldwide.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY

A couple of other sidecars partnered with boats.

Projects...

Crystal River Scow

I really like the way Whalen, Steve and the river rats in Crystal River are building this big sailing scow, all pressure treated wood and galvanized bolts. I hope they don't use anything except PT in the whole thing. Here in Florida a traditionally built wooden boat using the usual kinds of wood that's not in a hermetically sealed room will last about two years max. After that little rot areas start to show up and at four years you go out one day and can push your finger through the keel, frames, deck, you name it. All of the wooden boats that come out of our shop are epoxy sealed and glassed if possible and we do use pressure treated (or Cortez teak) wood where it's necessary.

Dave Lucas, Cortez, FL

Here is a "BSA A10" bike with a boat-like sidecar, certainly waterproof.

Another boat design sidecar, this one from China

This Magazine...

Long Time Reader

I have been reading every page of your magazines for many decades now. Back in the late '60s it was *Cycle Sport*, I rode then in many New England motorcycling enduros and eventually got my two sons into them too, but stopped off road competition at age 42 when I broke my leg and my doctor said maybe I should try something slower.

So I took up sailing and I now have an dear old Cherubini Hunter 27 and an older and dearer Aquarius 23 and an older than dirt Grumman canoe and an ancient unknown dink so I can messabout today more slowly. All my issues of *MAIB* are stored in bookshelves in the garage. Over these many years I have received endless enjoyment from your publications.

Bill Hickey

Just a Bricoleur at Heart

What follows is from Howard Rheingold's book *They Have a Word for It*, about the term "bricoleur," which I think you will appreciate as pertaining to your enterprise, on which, once again, I want to compliment you for as it fills a need for, and is an example of, a low key, unpretentious exchange for individualistic interests and activities. We thank you.

"Bricoleur (French): A person who constructs things by random messing around without following an explicit plan (noun). Are you the kind of worker, decision-maker, designer, artist, business person or engineer who builds a detailed plan for each creation, then follows it, step by step? Or do you just start pottering around with ideas or materials

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until some kind of order begins to emerge? If you are the latter kind of worker, you've probably suffered the jibes and innuendos of your more analytically minded colleagues, and if you are any good at "thinking by the seat of your pants" you also know that you are capable of putting together concoctions on the fly that the careful pre-planners will probably never achieve in years of deliberate effort. Take heart, bricoleurs, for French anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss has given you a word to use with pride.

Levi-Strauss, in describing the way "primitive" cultures approach theory building in their empirical disciplines, used the term bri'colage as a model for the way all humans, "primitive" or "civilized," build scientific theories by "pottering around" with natural objects in various combinations. A bricoleur in this sense is a kind of intuitive technician who plays with concepts and objects in order to learn about them. The word was picked up by the American computer scientist and educational expert Seymour Papert, one of the creators of Logo, a computer language designed to help children think more effectively. In his book *Mindstorms*, Papert points out how the terms can extend to an entire way of thinking:

The process reminds one of tinkering; learning consists of building up a set of materials and tools that one can handle and manipulate. Perhaps most central of all, it is a process of working with what you've got. We're all familiar with this process on the conscious level, for example, when we attack a problem empirically, trying out all the things that we have ever known to have worked on similar problems before. But here I suggest that working with what you've got is a shorthand for deeper, even unconscious learning processes... Here I am suggesting that in the most fundamental sense we, as learners, are all bricoleurs.

The next time somebody suppresses a smirk at your messy desk or your disorganized manner of attacking a problem, just smile punctiliously and say, "I guess I'm just a bricoleur at heart, my friend! "

Phil Thiel, Seattle, WA

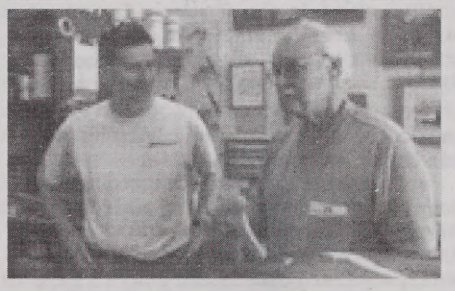
In Memoriam...

Dale Andrews

Another great wooden boat builder has gone on to the big boat shop in the sky. Dale Andrews died after a long fight with the big C. Dale's favorite designs to build were stripped, bright finished canoes, kayaks and melonseeds. He was a good friend of another great builder, Mac McCarthy, seen in the second picture together in Mac's shop in Sarasota. They built boats together for a dozen years and I'm sure intimidated the hell out of hundreds of guys who came in to build one of the "Featherlite" canoes. I'd hate to have been a rookie builder with these two perfectionists around.

Rookie, hell, I stopped in once to ask for a little advice and he told me to take up stamp collecting. Payback came in the form of the second picture; Dale with his son-in-law Crazy Steve. We know how to deal with Steve here at the Shop/Tiki Hut, his shop is way out back in the woods where he can't be a bad influence on the rest of us.

Dave Lucas, Cortez, FL



Remembering Jim Thayer

I appreciated your editorial on Jim Thayer in the last issue. Sandra and I have had the pleasure of attending a half dozen of Jim's Kokopeli cruises. Jim was such a great guy. He barely could be called an "organizer" as he always listened to everyone's suggestions about how things would go and then sort of let them happen. The best things about these cruises were the evening meals. Each boat was responsible for one dinner. All the other nights we would just show up at the appointed boat with a plate and fork. It was a great system and always seemed to work out.

When we first met him, Jim was already carrying an oxygen tank around. As the years went by he used it more and more but he never complained, not a word. And he always had fresh fruit and veggies from Green River which he would haul out at just the right time to revive a flagging crew. Every night there was a campfire with cheap wine and occasionally something stronger. He joked that we were a drinking club with a boating problem but no one ever got drunk that I knew of. It was always high adventure and camaraderie in the beautiful red rock country that, thanks to Jim Thayer, we have come to love.

Chuck Leinweber, *Duckworks*

Losing Too Many Serious Boat People

So sorry to hear about Jim Thayer. Seems like we're losing too many serious boat people between Robb, Phil, Dynamite and now Jim. Too bad we couldn't trade these guys for some bankers of late!

I look forward to *MAIB*, in fact, there's a routine every time one shows up in the mailbox; Classifieds, your editorial, Constant Waterman, Hugh Ware's "Beyond The Horizon," then back to page four where I then read page to page throughout. Now that I think about it, it was Jim that gave me the heads-up about *MAIB* back in the early '80's. A lot of water under the bridge since then!

Tim Mayer, ME

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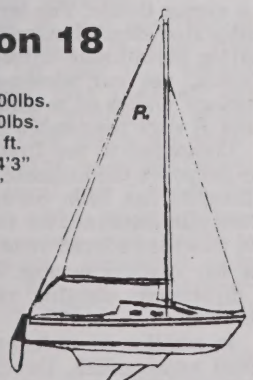

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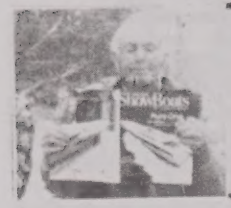

The Best of JimThayer:
Thole Pin Comments 1985-1987

Really Live a Little

A couple of years ago, gad, could it be that long, a couple, in what is commonly called their golden years, but what I, with dawning insight have come to regard as the rowing prime, came into my shop looking for a rowing boat. A local dealer had offered to fit them out with a jon boat, but fortunately a friend had suggested they come up and see me.

Turns out they had retired from Chicago to place nearby on the Eastern Branch, so we were neighbors. They asked a number of penetrating questions and when they at least departed to consider the matter I knew the money was in the bank. It's a rare prospect that can sight down that sheer and walk away unmoved. Should he be so rash as to bring his checkbook, the struggle is mercifully short.

Dorothy opted for the Sitka oars and, with none in stock, agreed to the loan of a lesser pair until I could get hers done. Be forewarned, your acceptance of one of my loaners salves my already concupuescient conscience and it may be a while before I get back to you. This has become a locally recognized syndrome that afflicts mid-Atlantic residents anxious to get their hands on the wood.

This particular commission was doubly difficult because Dorothy wanted her oars just a little bit on the short side and it pains me sorely to cut down a blank. In time the proper piece turned up and by and by I set out for the river, taking along kit for another gentleman.

Russell had shown up waving his checkbook and wanting a boat for exercise as his knees had called a halt to his jogging. He is close to eighty. I delivered his boat to a very old house by the waterside which his lovely wife had furnished with fine antiques. He proudly showed me the dock he had recently built and when I remarked on his old windmill, he explained it was out of kilter and he was going to have to get up there and fix it.

Anyway, it was getting late so we passed up the Ocran Boatshop and made straight for our shack (Thayer & Co. Mid-Atlantic Marine Test Facility) on Bell's Creek. Next morning I put the Livery over and with the mast up, was unrolling the sail. I only had a couple of feet out when I noticed we were already moving smartly. Imagine that; roller reefing! I was inordinately pleased with this development and continued to play with it as I zipped along. The head tended to work out of the roll when tacking and I determined to put a snap on it when I got back to the shop.

Just past the chicken ranch I gybed over to my destination. Bert, a hearty fellow of boundless enthusiasm, was into home brewing, always an area of interest. He showed me his "brasserie" and tendered a bag of bottles sufficient to see me safely home. Strolling back to the pier, which is usually quite high, Bert expounded upon his solution to the boat hoisting problem. He had rigged two trailer winches to hoist the Livery out of the water. So far, so good. The remaining problem was to keep the water out of the boat. Either the boat had to have a drain or a cover or be turned onto its side. Blithely promising to return in a couple of weeks with a cover, I hopped into my boat. Well, after that oar deal, I doubt if they will be too disappointed. We really are going to be supplying covers soon. Really!

Being of indolent nature and easily led (just ask my wife) I continued to blow downwind. In defense, I cite Bolger, who counsels row downwind because it may change before you head back. In no time I was clear at the end of the Eastern Branch and so broke out lunch. As I drifted about in the shallows I noticed areas of turbid water, due, I supposed, to local denizens digging about on the bottom. It may have been carp. Once up the creek as far as a canoe could go we saw a monster carp go dredging by with his back clear out of the water.

Lunch having been dragged out as long as time and the Puritan ethic would allow, I deployed the oars and poked out into the stream. While I had been tucked away, my fresh breeze had gotten a good bit fresher. We now had one of those snot-in-your-ear days beloved of boating writers who revel in the adjectival possibilities of a thrash to windward.

Thank goodness I hadn't a centerboard or, heaven forbid, an outboard! They would have put me out there in an apparent wind of thirty per and no way to keep warm. As it was I just conceded that it would take a little longer than usual to get back and bent to the task. In open water bucking straight into a stiff breeze can be more work than one might wish for. Generally, however, one can play the shore, sneaking around in the lee of points and sort of tacking across when the other shore looks more promising.

The Eastern Branch is ideally suited to this sort of fun. One putters along in the bays where there is hardly a ripple and then pauses at the point, much as one hesitates under a porch when it's raining. Finally, having determined the shortest course to the next shelter, one noses out, takes a good bearing over the stern and dashes or chugs, depending on one's nature, resolutely across. The experienced rower will keep moving steadily ahead while generating enough internal steam to neutralize the wind chill. These little workouts are actually welcome as they encourage one to improve technique as well as requiring some exercise.

Even though it was a fine, albeit windy, day, the waters were utterly deserted and nary a soul was seen ashore. I certainly have no complaint but it does make one wonder. I'll bet that if they had a fine pulling boat they would be lured from their wide water view mansion behind their neat bulkhead to really live a little.

The Urbanna Rocket

Some years ago we built a very light hull out of scraps, put some cheapo trim on it and stuck it up over the porch down at the store, assuming that the world would beat a path to our door. Well, the path was never too well trod and after several years the drain holes in the bottom of the hull plugged up with leaves so the thing filled up with water and came crashing down. It lay around the yard for a couple of years, too poor to sell and too good to trash.

In late April I pulled in from Colorado, every boat in sight already sold and Urbanna fast approaching. What to do? I mean, our own backyard pulling boat race! Ah ha. How about a secret weapon? The derelict hull was chopped out of the vines, the forefoot pruned back and the skeg bobbed. The topsides were cut down and when Bob Booth showed up the evening before Urbanna he lent a hand to put on some super light gunwales.

When I tossed this obviously very light world beater onto the beach, the cries of shock and anguish echoed clear to Deltaville. The sea lawyers began to spout interpretations and opinions which barely concealed their envy. The actual race is another story (next issue of THE THOLEPIN). Suffice it to say that we were onto something.

Afterward, in Colorado, we laid up a Livery with further modifications in mind. This became the plug for the revolutionary New Urbanna Rocket.

To describe the Rocket is to reveal the secret of speed and seaworthiness for the Rocket is the ultimate blend of these critical parameters.

Starting at the bow; the razor sharp stem (technically an exaggeration, but the only realistic simile) cleaves the water like a rapier thrust. The layup of this incredibly fine stem is extremely difficult, requiring the ultimate in fiberglass craftsmanship, yet our advanced skills and technology enable us to achieve flawless results at very reasonable cost.

Compared to the Livery, still for many purposes the ultimate rowing boat, the forefoot has been cut away slightly, the keel eliminated and the skeg trimmed. All of this has reduced wetted surface and made her quicker turning. Surprisingly, her directional stability has been very little affected.

In addition to underwater configurational adjustments, the topsides have been lowered to decrease both weight and windage. New lightweight flotation compartments have been designed which, together with lightweight trim, give dramatic weight reductions. In addition to

these design changes, our engineering capabilities will be exploited to develop hulls using Coremat, S glass, Kevlar and other state-of-the-art materials.

The results of weight reduction are manifest. The boat rows more easily, it can be carried to the water on your shoulder or over your head and it is easily cartopped.

For those who desire more freeboard, a sheer strake kit is available which gives a three inch increase in depth and results in a very handsome boat.

Even though designed without compromise for speed and seaworthiness, her beauty is legendary. Both her conception and execution result from artistry of the highest order. Her combination of virtues will be the despair of other designers who, even with their formulas and computers, are destined to fall short in attempts to surpass her.

This new boat is the obvious choice for those for whom low weight is paramount. It is also ideal for those who operate on sheltered waters and for those who want the edge on the competition when racing.

If you do not currently have a pulling boat of the highest caliber, please do not hesitate to order one of these superb Urbanna Rockets.

Boatbuilding Madness

"About once every year I ask myself, rather loudly for the benefit of any who might overhear and commiserate, why I persist in this boatbuilding madness. Madness because there's an awful lot of work for very little return. Monetary, that is, and that's what we're here for. Right?

I guess if it came to that, I could quit (Jim was once a schoolteacher). After all, there are very few essentials for the maintenance of an individual's life. Many people would put boatbuilding well down the list of non-essentials, even, conceivably, beyond sex.

But, let's be realistic. The answer is to break the horse, however recalcitrant, rather than to send him off for dogfood and content oneself with walking.

In my case it is a question of who is riding whom. It goes like this. It might be okay if I stayed in the shop and just cranked out one or two models. Efficiency would go up and expenses would go down. Fine, but it would soon get dull. So I like to travel and I start delivering boats, which cuts production, increases costs and, being a good selling point, generates more sales. Building time can be expanded to fill every waking hour. Out of control!

"No problem," you say, "just cut back." Not so easy. It happens like this. We are going to some event in New England. Don't want to miss it because that's part of the fun, besides it's good advertising. Oh, I know we don't need any more advertising, but that makes it deductible. So we've got this deadline. Couple of weeks before the trip, Moe calls up and wants a boat. Reflexively I say, "We have room for one more. Possibly we can work it in. Send money and we will try." It's a fine point here to judge whether you can start writing on it before it arrives, but in any case it's soon long gone. Now we are stuck. Return money? That hurts. Disappoint customer? Unthinkable! So, overtime.

"Hire more help," you say. But everyone knows you can't get decent help these days. Besides, I would have to stay home and supervise. Well, I've made a start. We have farmed out three hulls to Jerry Kiley, a grad of the Norfolk Boatbuilding School. Will the quality hold up? Will he decide it doesn't pay? Stay tuned. Perhaps we could go with Grade 1, Grade 2, and Workboat finishes, etc. Worth a thought.

The next step is to farm out the layup work. Then I become just a marketing man. I could get a blue blazer and drink fancy bourbon. Alright!

On the other hand we might just turn out ne-plus-ultra works of art. Carving, inlays, Kevlar hulls, Jacques Thayer fitted oar cases. The whole bit. About four boats a year at eight grand per ought to keep me in good style and be a splendid ego trip to boot. Whether it would work is problematic. Whether I'd like the customers is another question.

Maybe we could go the "workshop" route. Have the folks come in for the word direct from the "Master Boatbuilder" himself. Realistically figuring time, the boatbuilder might make $3 an hour. A seminar leader could get $300 a day. Easy! Sounds good to me.

The franchise route is an acknowledged road to riches. We'll rent out the molds, sell materials, charge an advertising fee and collect royalties. All those entrepreneurs will be working like crazy and we will lead trips to Bermuda for sales leaders. Not to mention photo jaunts to Acapulco with bikini-clad models. Now there's a real winner!

Of course, we could go to bigger boats. The rule is the larger the boat, the larger the profit. Since we have the finest and prettiest small boats on the market, we could no doubt develop the prettiest and most practical big boat. Whether big boat buyers could be educated to develop the sharp eyes and good tastes of the small boat fan is a serious question. I'm not inclined to try. I do, however,, have a rather radical, but very practical and beautiful, 26 footer in mind. Time will tell.

By the way of doing something definite about all this, I took off for Ireland last summer for a couple of months. I wasn't able to build any boats, didn't get any phone calls and didn't promise anyone anything. I saw some neat boats, though, and have gotten some ideas to try, so maybe I'll be worse off than ever, plus broke."

There is Some Sort of Free Lunch

"If one considers all the ramifications, it's doubtless true that TINSTAAFL (There is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch). However, that a man of your ebullient nature should publicly espouse such a negative philosophy has dismayed us small boat freaks who hold that UOSBITCTTAFL (Use of Small Boats is the Closest Thing to a Free Lunch).

Accordingly, I am asking that the Urbanna (VA) Rum & Rowing Society (active arm of the Urbanna Rum, Rowing & Rusticating Society) establish a TISSSOFL (There is So Some Sort of Free Lunch) fund. You are invited to become the first awardee at the 1987 Urbanna Meet. Whether this award entitles to you a free lunch at the elegant CHEZ CLUDE restaurant or to a tuna salad sandwich depends on the success of the public subscription.

I think a good attraction for a small craft meet is some sort of race that involves setting and striking the rig on the water, this would, I believe, encourage use of wholesome boats. Also a rowing race involving maximum crew with a different rower for each leg might be fun. One body per three feet of boat sounds about right."

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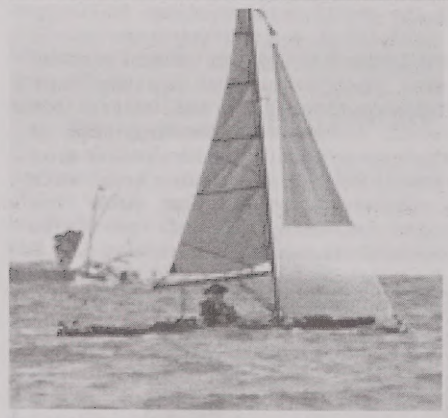
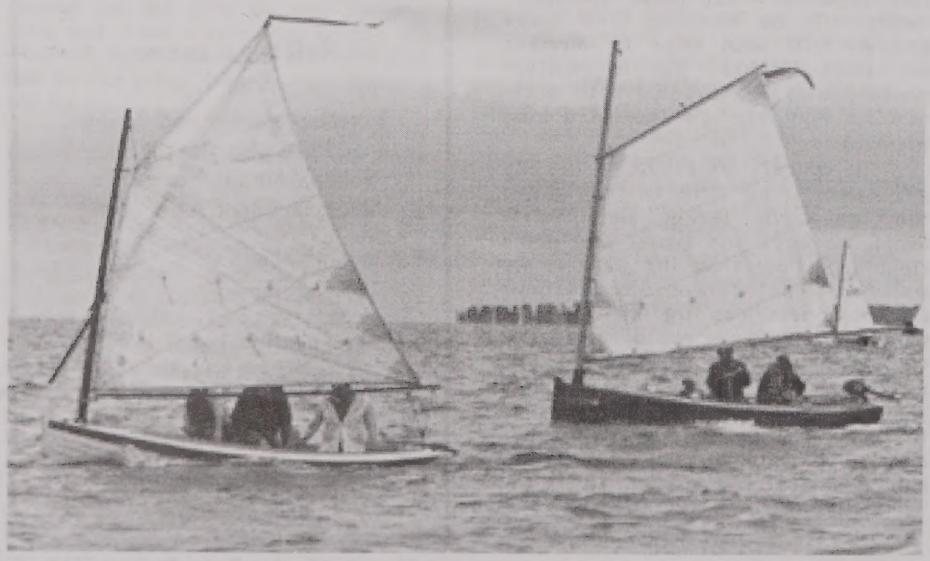
MASCF 2011



Tom Sheppard and crew in a Tuckup, Carl's Sandbagger in the background.



The 29th Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival was held October 1 & 2 at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, with more than 170 boats participating and more than 1,000 in attendance over the weekend festival.

The winners of the judged awards and the sailing and rowing/paddling race included Barry Long, with his Melonseed *Aeon* in the traditional-contemporary class; Ron Gibbs, with his sailing canoe *Seven Stars* in the contemporary class; Joe Manning, with his Old Town canoe in the restoration class; and Bob Golembicki, with his kayak *Bark 3* in the paddling class.

Other winners include People's Choice awardee Rob Gibbs, with his sailing canoe *Seven Stars*; Broken Oar awardees Pete Lesher, with the Drascombe Lugger *Dolly H.*, and Ron Gibbs again with his sailing canoe; Fish-in-the-Boat awardee Chris Smith with his Sunfish; and the Joe Liener awardee Brian McCandless with his Beetle Cat *Aubrey*.

The Joe Liener Award was created by CBMM Assistant Curator of Watercraft Richard Scofield to honor his mentor and former museum volunteer, Joe Liener. Before retiring to Pot Pie, Maryland, Liener headed Philadelphia's Naval Shipyard's wooden boat shop for nearly 40 years, "Joe was an absolute expert on traditional Chesapeake Bay watercraft," commented Scofield.

"Liener remains the best boat builder I've ever known and is a founding father of the small craft festival." Scofield has given the award for the last ten years to recognize the type of boat building Liener would have appreciated.

This year's Joe Liener Award was presented to Brian McCandless, after Scofield saw how beautifully restored his Beetle Cat *Aubrey* was. "Last year, the boat was in a trailer, unfit for the water, and this year she came back beautifully restored and sailing, something Joe would have appreciated."

On Saturday heavy air made for fast-paced races along the Miles River. The sailing race's overall winner was Chris Smith, who also placed first in the high performance race with his Sunfish. Other first place winners include Lawrence Haff with *Red Dragon* in the sailing canoe race; Harold Bernard with *Annalie* in the two-or-more-sails race; Pete Peters in his catboat *Obadiah* in the one-sail race; and Marie Cobb with *Bonita* in the smaller boat race.

In the rowing/paddling races, first place winners include Lucas Reopel and Megan Tweed in kids paddling; Lacey England in women's rowing; Destiny Lavertue in women's paddling; Peter Byar in men's kayaking; Steve Layden in men's oar on gunwale; Brady Parlin in men's 12 to 18; Carol and Brian Schecksnider in men's sliding seat; and Tim Shaw in men's paddling.

The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival is held annually the first weekend in October at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, and draws family participants and visitors from throughout the region. The 30th Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival is scheduled for October 5-7, 2012. For more information, visit cbmm.org or call 410-745-2916.

The Ness Yawl *Sara*.

Steve Brookman and crew in his Small Ohio Sharpie.

The Cobb's *Bonito* always up for a challenge.

Pete Peters and crew on the cat boat *Obadiah*.

A Coquina.

A Stone Horse.

Mike Wick in his new partially finished Cortez Melonseed.

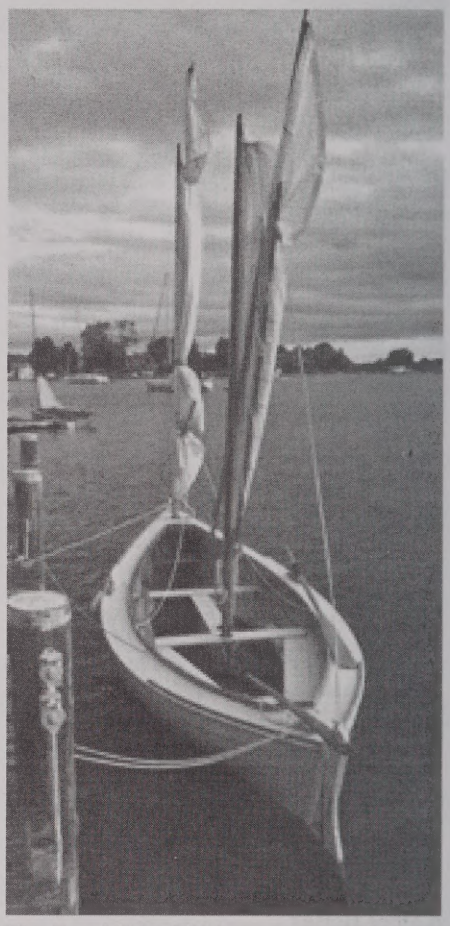
A Glen-L 15.

Dismasted.

Super Museum Staff on Chase Boats.

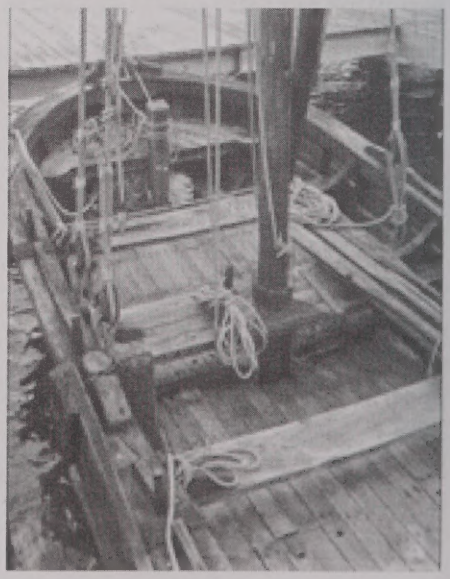
Tony Thatcher sailing the Melonseed he built for his parents.

Saturday Morning.



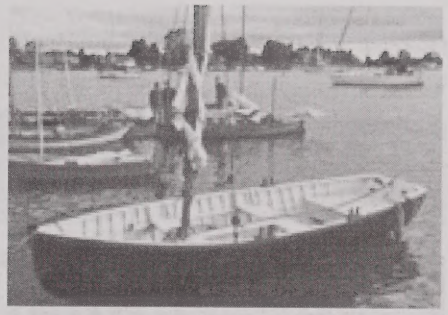
The Crotch Island Pinky.

Sultana's Replica of John Smith's Shallop.



A traditional crabbing skiff built by Kevin Brennan.

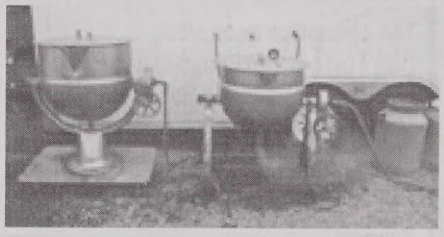
Friday afternoon sail in my Melonseed *Caesura*.



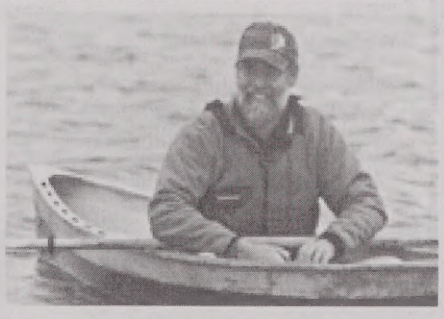
A Charles Hankins Sea Bright Skiff.

Saturday's Awards Dinner preparations.

Ned Asplundh and crew in his Marsh Cat.



John & Vera England on their sprit rigged skiff.



"It's been a great event!"

But now it's "Goodbye until next year."

Sunday Morning.

To see these photos and more in color go to:
http://www.eyeinhand.com/Galleries/Albums/StMichaels2011/index.html

19th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering

AN EPIC LIGHT WIND BATTLE

Results:
Registered Participants: 89
Finishers: 77

The Annual Alan McClennen Sr. Award: For the boat and owner that best represents the values and traditions of sailing Pleasant Bay:
John and Mary Kelsey

The Carl Richter Memorial Trophy. The Arey's Pond mooring customer who sails with the most Class and Style:
Frank Arren

Special Thanks:

The committee boat crew:
Dick Lovis, George Whiting and Benjo, Harry Terkanian, Ernie Falbo, The Oliver Family, Kenny Glidden and Dean

Photo Boat:
Pete Kennedy, Heidi & Al Gallo

Cannon:
Jim Studley

Awards:
Robert Roark, Kathryn Kleekamp generously donated their art work.

Food & Entertainment:
Anita Winstanley, Cathrine Macort, The Kami Lyle Band

Entry fees and donations from the Cat gathering will be distributed to the **Friends of Pleasant Bay & Friends of Areys Pond.**

The 20th Annual Cat Gathering will be August 18th, 2012.

A.P.B.Y. 14:		
1. David Quincy	Catatude	1:56:51
2. Bob Lupien		1:57:10
3. Jim Pennington	Seaguard	2:01:12
A.P.B.Y. 14 VINTAGE:		
1. John Pappalardo	Cat Nappin	2:01:25
2. Studley/Lestage	Prudence	2:01:29
3. Shep Williams	Lili	2:03:42
BEETLE CATS:		
1. Roy Terwilliger	Missy	1:56:47
2. Jack/Brenden Murphy	Invincible	1:58:48
3. Don Snyder		2:01:20
COMPASS CLASSICS:		
1. Jim Nathanson	Encore	1:55:57
2. John Laurino	Business	1:56:52
3. J. Tamsky/Leahy	Tenacity	1:57:55
A.P.B.Y. 16' LYNX:		
1. Phil Dickinson	Fiagaro	2:04:05
2. Andrew Cederbaum	Kotari	2:07:10
3. Jan Schneider	Whistle	2:07:55
TRADITIONAL:		
1. McClennen Family	Old Ghost	2:10:54
2. Dias/Moe	Nimble	2:15:10
3.Peter McClennen	Wianno	2:15:23
BAYBIRDS:		
1. Helen Kelsey	Chula	2:14:16
2. Robin Treese		2:14:41
3. Jenny Avellar	Mad Max	2:14:53
CATS 20'+:		
1. Jenna & Jamie Maher	Great South Bay	2:16:49
2. Eric Broege	Carolyn	2:16:51
3. Brian Smith	At Ease	2:16:53
MARSHALL 18:		
1. Jim Mackey	Wild Dove	1:59:24
2. Piersol/Briere	Bay Fly	1:59:30
3. Seibert Family	Gata Gorda	1:59:31
3. Cheryl Wildermuth	Shell Belle	1:59:32
ONE DESIGN:		
1. Eliza McClennen	Lestris/Crosby	2:05:26
2. Charlie Baldwin/Kasper/Fenwick Williams		2:07:38
3. Pat Riley	Mischief/CC shipbuilding	2:10:34

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2011 Cat Gathering

By Tony Davis

Arey's Pond Boatyard, Orleans, Massachusetts

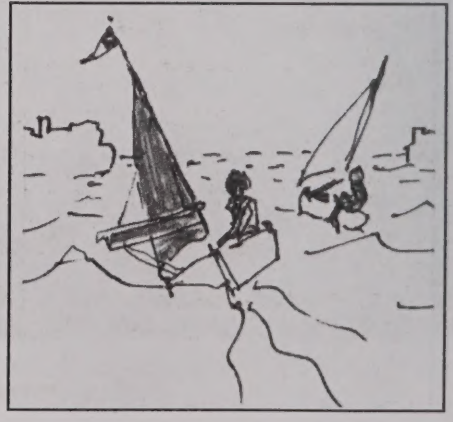
We are calling this years cat gathering, an "Epic Light Air Battle." With 84 boats registered, 77 crossed the finish line. For the first time in 19 years, three boats (a 14' Compass Classic, a Beetle Cat and an Arey's 14) were first, second and third on corrected time. We also had a remarkable finish in the Marshall 18 class that was one to remember. After an hour and a half of racing, four 18s were within a second of each other. This was a very stressful moment for our committee boat crew, full of rookies. Someone had to be fourth. Cheryl Wildermuth, who had won the warmup race on Friday hands down came in fourth, but all four Marshalls were first place winners with that kind of finish.

It was an impressive sight to see all three starts converge at the narrows due to the light wind. It was a hive of catboats trying to get position while the lighter boats gained ground.

We had a festive awards ceremony with live music, food and drink and attendance of over 100. For the first time awards included a scholarship fund from the Cape Cod Marine Trades Association for younger competitors; this was awarded to Brendan and Jack Murphy and Victoria Daniels, ages 11, 10 and 7. Brendan and Jack were second in Beetle class and in the top five to finish on corrected time.

This year the Carl Richter award went to Frank Arrens, who sailed his APBY Lynx with the most style. He was accompanied by crew member Tim Lund, President of the Catboat Association.

Next year will be our 20th year and we are already planning for what we hope will be our biggest event yet. So this is an official invitation to all cat boaters interested in joining us on August 18, 2012. Two days of sailing, racing and fun and a festive awards ceremony and cookout after Day One. If we get over 100 catboats we will arrange for an aerial photo of all the boats in parade and enter it on the Guinness Book of World Records. Hope to see you there!



Summer Cruising

On Maine's Muscongus and Penobscot Bays Ardea's Journal

By Harry Mote
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

Alice and I arrived at the public launch in Rockland, ME, on Sunday afternoon, July 17, with plans to go south to explore Muscongus Bay and, if time allowed during our two week cruise, to come back to Penobscot Bay to revisit some of our favorite places and to explore places we haven't seen.

Dire forecasts of severe thunderstorms encouraged us to take Monday as a lay day and head south on Tuesday morning. We're happy we did. Our last launch here was in 2005. This time we noticed that there was a museum at the top of the hill and we walked up to check it out. In 2007 Capt Jim Sharp had realized another of his dreams when he started the Sail, Power & Steam Museum just up the hill from the launch area. Sharp bought the property from Mechanic Street down to Rockland Harbor, adjacent to the Rockland public launch area.

This is also the site of the western half of the Old Snow Shipyard, founded in 1862 by the Snow family. The yard built a variety of commercial fishing, cargo and other vessels, some of them three- and four-masted schooners, producing more vessels than anywhere in New England. The Snow family's interest ended in 1937. During WWII the yard produced mine sweepers, sub chasers and other vessels for the US Navy. The Old Snow Shipyard closed shortly after the war.

Capt Sharp had spent 25 years in the windjammer trade and is former owner of the schooners *Steven Taber* and *Adventure*, among others. The museum has a fine and growing collection of marine history, some of it from Sharp's personal collection and some on loan from others. The Captain himself gave us, and a half-dozen other visitors, one of the most thoughtful and articulate tour presentations we had ever heard.

We spent part of the day on the tour and looking around on our own. Sharp had published an autobiography in 2007 called *With Reckless Abandon: Memoirs of a Boat Obsessed Life*. We were so intrigued by the man that we bought a copy, which he autographed. The $20 price is a contribution to the museum. I read the book during the first few days of the cruise and didn't want to put it down.

On Tuesday morning we launched (#1 on map), rounded Owls Head and headed south down through Owls Head Bay and Muscle Ridge Channel, past Sprucehead and Whitehead Islands and then we had a very pleasant close reach west to Tenants Harbor. Tenants was nice but seemed small and crowded with moorings and commercial boats. So we motored back out to just inside the harbor entrance and turned north into Long Cove for our first night afloat. We anchored on the mainland side of the cove across from two small Islands called Spectacles, (#2 on map).

We awoke on Wednesday to another calm but beautiful morning. The weather for these few days seemed to be calm in the morning with a southwesterly growing to at least single reef velocity and then dying down in the evening. The warm weather in the rest of the country seemed to be having an effect on Maine, the daytime and evening temperatures were warmer than we would expect on the coast.

The last continental glacier, which is supposed to have reached as far as the southernmost islands in this part of the coast, left pronounced parallel gouges that form the sounds and rivers and long finger-like islands of Muscongus Bay. In doing our homework for the cruise, the Coast Pilot talked a lot about ledges and rocks submerged at high tide with a tidal rise and fall of 9½'. Our favorite cruising guide, Duncan and Fenn, mentioned that there was an abundance of lobster buoys in Muscongus Bay.

After a day and a night afloat we had our act together well enough to be underway by 0900 on Wednesday. We headed south around Southern Island, with its abandoned lighthouse, and turned southwest toward Mosquito Island. The passage between Mosquito Island and Mosquito Harbor and the harbor itself looked interesting. But with the wind against us we decided to stay in open water and to tack around the south side of Mosquito Island. We then sailed to clear Marshall Point, with its pretty lighthouse, and then north through Port Clyde Harbor.

As we passed the town dock at Port Clyde, we could see the *Laura B.* loading passengers, probably for Monhegan Island. The *Laura B.* also takes people out to see the puffins on Eastern Egg Rock. On a car trip to Maine a few years ago we stopped at Port Clyde on our way home to take the puffin tour on the *Laura B.* The puffin colony is described as Audubon's Project Puffin, "a model for restorations of seabird populations."

If you like boats, the *Laura B.* is as interesting as the puffin tour. She is a 65' wooden, round-bilge launch type hull, built in 1943 and rigged as a heavy duty workboat. "Designated a US Army T-57, she spent World War II in the Pacific where she served as a patrol boat and carried troops and supplies. She came under fire during those days and carried two 50-caliber machine guns on deck. This rugged vessel was brought to Maine in 1946 and spent the next few years transporting lobsters from Vinalhayen to Boston and New York City, before becoming part of the Monhegan Boat line," according to the company's website.

We sailed up through Port Clyde harbor and out into the St George River, which had lobster buoys as far as the eye could see, as though someone had sprinkled multi-colored confetti on the water.

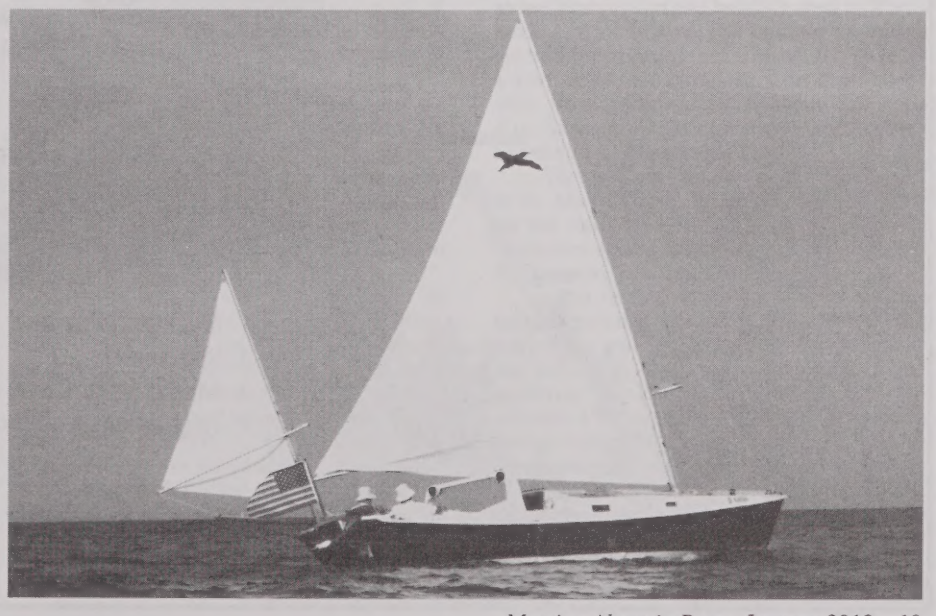
Our plan was to sail up the St George until we saw as much as we wanted, checking out possible anchorages on the way. We were running with an increasing southwesterly, but the sailing was a lot less enjoyable than it should have been with the need to keep a sharp lookout to dodge lobster buoys, they like leeboards. We sailed up as far as Broad Cove and decided to motor back to Maple Juice Cove for the night, (#3 on map).

At that point in mid-afternoon we didn't have the patience to tack back through the lobster buoys. We stayed in the slight lee of the western shore to have some protection from the wind. We were enjoying the scenery, the Maine coast is beautiful just about anywhere. The landscape appeared to us to be less hilly as one goes southwest from Penobscot Bay.

After a quiet afternoon and night in Maple Juice Cove, we had our act together even earlier on Thursday morning and we were underway by 0800. The weather pattern was continuing with calm in the morning, a light breeze by about 1000 and building to blowing like stink by midafternoon. We got into the routine of starting early, motoring slowly and enjoying the scenery until the breeze materialized, and then having the anchor down by the time the afternoon hurricane started.

We headed south, rounded the bottom of Gay Island to the west and then north between Gay and Morse Islands toward Davis Cove. As we entered Davis, we encountered another heavy concentration of lobster buoys, some only a few feet apart. Judging from the variety of lobster buoy colors, the competition for lobsters crawling about below must be intense. One has to wonder how productive individual traps can be packed in this closely.

In Davis Cove we turned left and headed west toward Friendship Harbor. Coming at us from the other direction was an Outward Bound vessel with a very happy looking crew, making good time under full sail. We always enjoy seeing these boats and their crews.



Ardea, our Shearwater shallow water cruiser.

We passed between Friendship Long Island and Garrison Island to enter Friendship Harbor. The Friendship waterfront and lobstering community on the hillside was one of the most picturesque we have seen, but this was truly a commercial lobstering harbor, with very few pleasure boats and not a Friendship sloop in sight. The Friendship sloop race that was to be held in Rockland Harbor on the coming Saturday could have drawn them away. Friendship always had an allure for us because of the sloops that carry its name. Names like Wilbur A. Morse, who built many of the best of the sloops in this picturesque seacoast town, are almost synonymous with Friendship.

We made one long and one short tack to get out of Friendship Harbor and then bore off to the west to clear Martin Point on our way to the channel between Cow Island and Bremen Long Island. We then sailed for the buoy at the top end of Hog Island.

This had been an enjoyable sail but the wind was now honking and we were happy to be entering the small channel at the north end of Hog Island, where the Hog Island Audubon Center has two guest moorings. We took one of them (#4 on the map).

After a short rest, Alice and I went ashore and spent the rest of the afternoon hiking one of the Center's trails and browsing the naturalist exhibits on the first floor of the building near the dock. The exhibits included all kinds of things, including stuffed birds common in the area, a salt water tank with baby flounder, hermit crabs, snails and other neat stuff intriguing to kids our age.

Hog Island is part of the Todd Audubon Sanctuary, which includes an additional 30 acres on the mainland across the narrow channel, with more trails and a seasonal visitor's center. The Center runs ornithology camps in summer for people of all ages. The island includes classrooms and several buildings for program campers. There is also a chainsaw carved puffin about 8' tall in a garden area among the main buildings. It is a neat place. More info at http://projectpuffin.org.

Friday morning was the usual beautiful quiet morning with the fog just beginning to lift. Looking north between Keene Neck and Oar Island, with a cup of coffee in my hand, was a most gorgeous sight from our mooring. If this isn't heaven, it can't be too far away.

Friday we were heading back to Rockland, by going south in Muscongus Sound, motoring with no wind this early in the morning. We had the last of the ebb with us so we made good progress over the ground. With the fog lifting we had good visibility. As we approached the bottom of Louds Island we could see the seas breaking on Bar Island Ledge, west of Bar Island at the southern tip of Louds. The ledge was marked by a buoy on the south side, but the ground swell, probably created by the hard southwesterly of the day before, made hazardous ledges and rocks easier to see.

When we rounded the south end of Bar Island, we headed north up through an interesting looking passage called Marsh Harbor. As we turned to the east at the top of Marsh Island, the breeze started coming up out of the northwest. This gave us a nice reaching angle to clear Black Island Ledge, then to the south of Otter Island and then to the buoys at Jenks Ledge. Here we would pick up the channel to go southeast between McGee and Seavey Islands. We then sailed east to the south of Hupper Island, south of Marshall Point at Port Clyde and around the bottom of Mosquito Island. From here we had a clear shot northeast to Muscle Ridge Channel.

We were now reaching in a good sailing breeze and we had the flood under us, making good time. As with most westerlies from either quarter, the wind was variable in direction and velocity. In addition, it was still very warm, with land temperatures predicted to be in the 90s. Some of the gusts coming off the land seemed to vary 10° in temperature. As we got up into the narrower places of Muscle Ridge we began to get strong gusts off the land, which required quick easing of the sheet. We started calling them our williwaws. We've never experienced a real williwaw, but these were close enough.

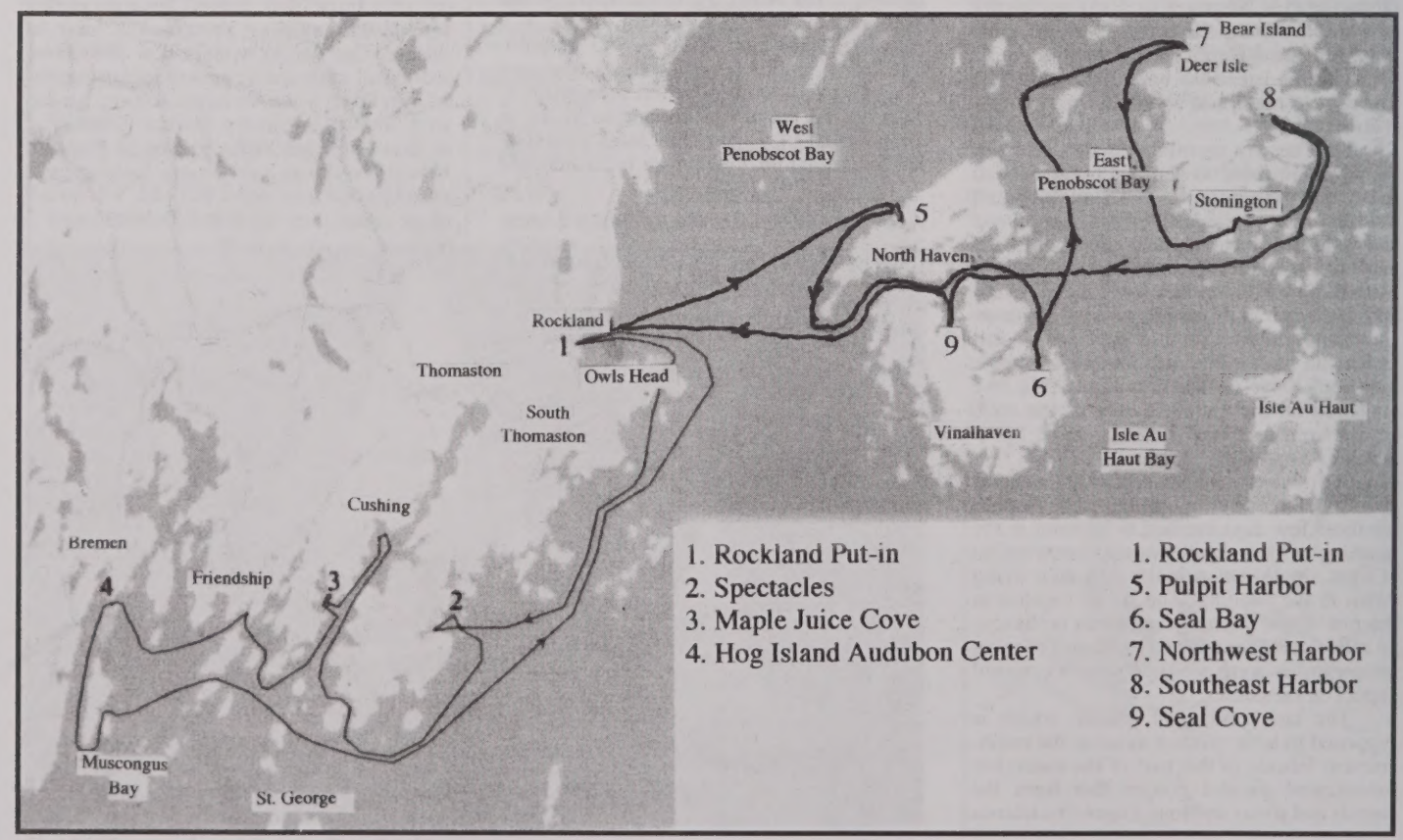
As we rounded Owls Head, heading for the Rockland launch ramp, the *Steven Taber* was entering Owls Head Bay southbound, all sails set. We anchored for the night southwest of the mooring fleet, near the ramp, and had a quiet night.

Saturday morning called for a leisurely start. We had a few errands to do before we started on our second week, this one on Penobscot Bay. We had to top off water, pump out, drop garbage and buy a gallon of fuel. And then we would scoot across the bay to one of our favorite anchorages, Pulpit Harbor. We anchored in the southeast corner, just outside the mooring field (#5 on map).

At around dinner time a J-something of about 30', or some other hot design that looks like a large Laser, sailed right up through the mooring fleet under full main, jib already furled. She came into the wind, dropping her main while coasting toward her mooring near where we were anchored. As this was going on the mate, a nice looking young woman, walked casually forward just in time to pick up the mooring line and drop it on the cleat.

By this time, the skipper had dropped the full battened main and put stops on it. This couple completed their jobs about the same time, a perfect precision performance, and they knew it. I was sitting in the cockpit at the time so they knew they had an audience. I gave them thumbs up and they both waved and smiled.

On Sunday, another beautiful day with a northwest wind gave us a nice sail down



to and through the Fox Islands Thorofare and then south to Seal Bay. We had been here before with *True North* and crew. This time we anchored in the southeast corner of the bay, just under Coombs Hill, (#6 on map). Yes, there are seals in Seal Bay.

While enjoying the afternoon and scenery from the cockpit we heard a seal breathing. We turned around to look and saw it about 20' away, looking us over. About 70 yards to the southwest there were a half-dozen or more seals sunning themselves and having a gabfest on an exposed ledge, only to be chased off later by the rising tide.

Near where we were anchored there were two small boats on moorings and two floating docks. Late in the afternoon we heard sounds of musical instruments and a chorus of children singing. Later we saw a few of the children, about 13-14 years old, on a dock with an adult. We concluded that there must be a music camp here.

We've decided that Seal Bay is one of the most pleasant and most beautiful of the anchorages we've visited. Except for the music camp, which we could not see from the water, the place is relatively undeveloped. It is a large area, divided by rocks and ledges into pockets for anchoring. The whole place changes character with the rise of the tide, as a lot of the rocks and ledges disappear and the bay opens up to view from the cockpit of a small boat.

On Monday morning we woke to one of the most beautiful mornings of the cruise, clear and crisp and perfectly still, with a forecast of a southeast breeze. Our breakfast music in the cockpit was the calls of the winter wren and the white-throated sparrow. After a leisurely morning waiting for breeze, we finally lifted the anchor at about 1000 and headed north out of Seal Bay to go northeast to round Babbage Island and then northwest toward Oak Hill. As we rounded Babbage in the light southeasterly, only about 50 yards offshore, we could hear the "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody", of a white-throated sparrow somewhere on the northern tip of the island.

Our plan was to sail between Burnt and Dagger Islands and then north up through some of the islands north of North Haven and enjoy the spectacular scenery on such a bright day. We left Fling Island on our starboard side and headed northeast between Butter and Eagle Islands.

We had been to Butter Island on our first Magnum Opus with Peter Duff in 1990, launching at Rockport. We had anchored off a beach at Butter and some of us had gone off for a hike on the island. By the time we came back the tide had left a few of the boats high and dry, some of them perched precariously on rocks. We didn't dare go on or near the boats until the tide lifted them safely off their perches.

Fortunately, Bob and Dory Ford's Dovekie was high and dry on the beach and they just happened to have a small steamer with them. We harvested mussels, which were abundant, and steamed them on the beach for our dinner. By this time it was dark and chilly. Those of us stranded huddled in the Ford's Dovekie and ate our mussels. By the time we emerged from the Ford's hospitality, the tide had set our boats free and we all moved farther off the beach to anchor.

Back to the current cruise. By midday the wind had increased to a nice sailing breeze and we carried on, leaving Hardhead Island on our starboard, and setting a course for Northwest Harbor for the night. We anchored in its southeast corner just before the pool at the head of the harbor that dries out (#7 on map).

The weather forecast was for rain that night and possible rain for Tuesday, with winds southeast 10-15mph and possible rain again for Tuesday night. We wanted to go south to Stonington. Since the wind would be against us and it would not be as nice a day as we'd gotten used to, we declared Tuesday a lay day. It was as pretty a harbor as we had seen, so it was a nice place to spend a day.

We had the promised rain during the night but the morning presented a rainless but cloudy, chilly, unattractive day. We fired up the stove first thing to take the chill off and kept it going most of the day, which kept us warm, dry and snug as we read and generally vegged. After lunch, cabin fever got me into the dinghy to bail it out and to row up to the head of the harbor to have a look at the part that dries out.

Rain overnight again left everything wet. However, Wednesday morning promised a spectacular day with dry air, beautiful clouds and a northwest wind. We reached south toward Stonington. Our plan was to do our usual errands, pump out, top off water tanks, drop garbage, at Stonington and then take a look at Southeast Harbor on the east side of Deer Island.

As we approached Deer Island Thorofare, we happened to look northeast and saw a salty-looking vessel with a gaff main coming down from the area of Crocket and Burnt Coves on a course converging with ours. We were going to cross the boat's bow by about 50 yards. Could that be Becca Follansbee? As we got closer we heard her dog bark and that gave it away.

We had a short gam, she was headed for Isle Au Haute for some hiking and we were taking a shortcut between Second and Andrews Islands into Deer Island Thorofare to stop at Stonington. Becca reported the encounter to her dad with a cell phone photo and we sent a picture of her boat to her mom when we got home.

After Stonington we sailed on to the approach to Southeast Harbor and then had a windward leg to its narrow entrance. We had been here once with *True North* and chart notes indicated that we had anchored in the Inner Harbor. We have only a vague recollection of this. But this time we arrived at about dead low water. The deepest parts of Inner Harbor were now occupied by boats on moorings and the rest of it showed a foot of water on the chart.

After we grounded on a mussel bar we decided that the place was too shallow for these two shallow water sailors. We moved northeast directly across the harbor and anchored on the northwest side of a small island (#8 on map). We had good open water protection and we were pleased with the open views of the scenery.

Shortly after dinner, we happened to notice a dark cloud moving in from the west. What's this? There were no thunderstorms in the forecast. It looked like the cloud would pass slightly to the north of us, there was blue sky with a few beautiful clouds to the south of the dark one. As the cloud passed, it dropped about ten minutes of rain on us and then a rainbow appeared on the south side of the cloud.

After the rainbow disappeared and the dark cloud moved farther west, it left the most gorgeous blue and turquoise sky with those beautiful clouds so typical of Maine watercolors. The weather was one of the highlights of our visit to this harbor, which deserves a revisit to explore the northwestern part of it.

Thursday morning was crystal clear with crisp dry air and a light breeze. We motored out of the narrow entrance and then sailed for the green can at Whaleback Ledge, leaving it on our starboard side and heading to leave Little Sheep Island on our port. Our plan was to sail from Little Sheep to go between Devil and Spruce Islands and take the unmarked channel west among the small rock islands.

Devil Island, the first island to the north on this passage, has a summer camp on it, as do a few of the other islands. Here is part of what the owner had to say about it on its website:

"It's a private island near Stonington, Maine, that I get all to myself with my husband and our friends for a week each summer. It's an old quarry island that's been in our family since 1927, when a relative bought it for $600. With no electricity, we use kerosene lanterns, but aside from that, Devil Island has all the comforts of a summer place. It's roughly 60 acres with a natural beach, fresh running water and indoor plumbing in most buildings. Local lore has it that the island's name came from a mean old squatter in the 1700s."

The family happened to be there on the dock and beach, enjoying the place with fishing rods and a small boat. They were friendly enough to initiate waves, which we returned. The passage through these rock islands is peaceful and beautiful.

The excursion through the rocks was one of the highlights of this week's cruise. Our Duncan and Fenn cruising guide said that islands south of Deer Island are some of the "most scenic of the Maine Coast." Based on our very limited experience, this is no exaggeration.

When we emerged just below the entrance to Deer Island Thorofare, we headed to leave Farrel and Scraggy Islands on our port and sailed a course across East Penobscot Bay to Fox Islands Thorofare, where we would spend the night in Seal Cove, just off the Thorofare (#9 on map).

On Friday morning the fog was thick enough to keep us on our anchor for an extra half-hour until we had enough visibility to go out onto the busy Thorofare. As we motored past Perry Creek, others were doing the same as we, coming out and heading west to Rockland. A light breeze was coming up as we entered West Penobscot Bay, which gave us a very enjoyable close reach to Owls Head with three other boats of about the same size. Surprisingly, we all stayed pretty much together going across the bay.

This was our last day of this year's visit to the Maine Coast. We hauled and got ready for the road. We decided to try the Landings restaurant on our last night in Rockland. The food was decent, but so-so.

After dinner we left the car in the restaurant parking lot and hiked more of the waterfront and the town. We enjoyed poking around the harbor looking at boats and exploring some of the side streets. We discovered a small watery pocket off the main harbor where the *Steven Taber* and two other windjammers were docked around some floats in the center. We stood on the landing at the top of the long aluminum ramp to the floats, enjoying the scene and short chitchats with a few people. We always have fun cruising in this area.

Solo the Americas...

Reprinted from *Scuttlebut*
Newsletter of
Chesapeake Regional
Accessible Boating (CRAB)

Matt Rutherford began volunteering with CRAB a year ago upon his return from ocean sailing. He'd heard of CRAB's mission during one of those "what are our lives about?" conversations one has with fellow sailors. When he docked in Annapolis, Matt offered welcome support to Karl Guerra, CRAB's Program Director, by doing boat maintenance.

An Idea Takes Hold to Benefit Crab

Matt then met with Don Backe and discussed working with disabled individuals and overcoming disabilities like Matt's own learning disability. Matt wanted a challenge for himself and, at the same time, to challenge others to support CRAB.

Matt with Don Backe of CRAB and Katie O'Malley, First Lady of Maryland.

He had studied the great sailors and explorers, among them Shackleton and Moitessier. To fulfill his own life's aspirations, he committed to sailing all around the Americas, including the Northwest Passage and Cape Horn, solo and non-stop in a voyage to benefit CRAB.

"Solo the Americas" is the name of Matt's journey and you can follow his progress on his website, www.solotheamericas.org. There's a link on CRAB's website homepage, too www.crabsailing.org.

Preparing to launch.

Record Set

As this is written (Fall 2011), since his June 11, 2011, departure from Annapolis, Matt has completed the fabled Northwest

Passage and fought his way through the Bering Straits. He is now well south of the Aleutian Islands in the Pacific and focused on reaching Cape Horn. That is over 9,000 miles under his keel and 14,000 miles to go!

Closeups from the Northwest Passage transit.

Single-handed navigation of the Northwest Passage was completed Sept 19, in the smallest boat to do so in history.

Re-supply Effort

He was re-supplied off St Johns, Newfoundland, and a second re-su pply occurred outside of Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians. A volunteer fishing vessel brought a water maker, more electric converters, and other stuff, including a Virginia ham, toothbrushes and cookies. Simon Edwards, who has delivered yachts with Matt, orchestrated and raised funds for the resupply.

Resupply was carried out by Jeff Hancock off St. Johns, Newfoundland and, after the successful Northwest Passage, outside of Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians.

Stay Connected Via Matt's Blog

Matt has written eloquently and thoughtfully on his website's blog and has posted many spectacular photos. There's a small map in the upper right corner of Matt's website that shows his current location, indicating the actual course of his voyage thus far and even his boat's speed.

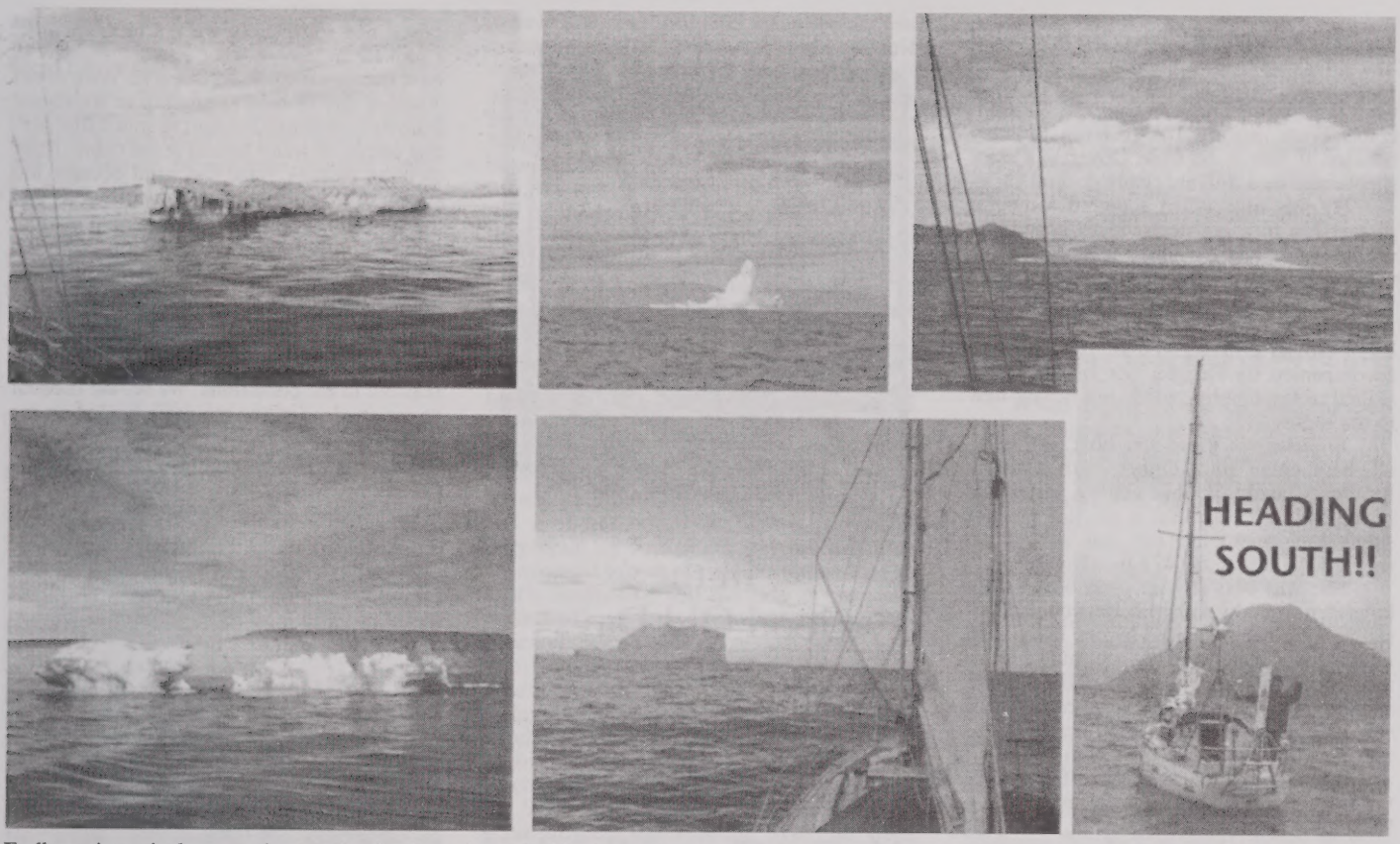
Many sailors and armchair adventurers are following Matt's voyage and making contributions to benefit CRAB. In this issue of *Scuttlebutt* we've furnished a simplified chart of Matt's voyage for you to track his progress and challenges. Stick it on your refrigerator door and trace his journey.

Matt has inspired us all with his intrepid determination and energy, even after weeks of cold seas and icebergs, typhoons, loneliness and fatigue. We will follow him every mile at sea.

CRAB
CHESAPEAKE REGION ACCESSIBLE BOATING

What CRAB Does

Chesapeake Regional Accessible Boating, Inc (CRAB) is a non-profit organization (501 c-3) that promotes the joy of sailing in specially modified boats to persons with disabilities and their families. We offer short outings, racing and cruising on the Chesapeake Bay with monthly sail-fres, instruction and sailboat rentals. For more information call the office at (410) 626-0273 or visit our website at www.crabsailing.org.



Endless vistas, icebergs and empty lands, throughout the Northwest Passage.

Don't let minor repairs limit your time on the water.

New WEST SYSTEM **Six10® Thickened Epoxy Adhesive** is the fastest way to make strong, lasting, waterproof repairs with epoxy. The dual-chambered, self-metering cartridge fits into any standard caulking gun. The static mixer delivers fully mixed, thickened WEST SYSTEM epoxy in the amount you need for the job at hand. No waste. No mess.

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In the Good Old Days
Part III

By Len Wingfield
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Journal of the
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

My First Channel Crossing

Way back in the 1960s when Health and Safety had never been thought of and people were more self-reliant, Twickenham Yacht Club organized a cruise in company for trailerable boats, mainly 16' Yachting Monthly Seniors. It was to be from Dover to Calais, shepherded by a Milyard centre cockpit yacht.

By this time I had acquired a quarter partnership in a big centreboard boat lying at Shoreham, and I planned to sail it up the coast to a point where the Channel crossing would be shorter and meet up at Calais. At that time I had little sea experience beyond a bit of estuary cruising in a 12' lugger. I was accompanied by Reggie, one of the club's skilled racing dinghy sailors, but he was new to sea sailing.

Elouise was a pre-war boat, 20' overall, hard chine solid timber, with a sitting headroom cuddy. She had about a half ton of inside ballast but no keel at all, just a rather small steel centreplate and was Bermudian rigged with a backstay to a bumkin aft.

She was basically an open boat, like a large Heron dinghy with a lid. Her cotton mainsail had just been replaced by one in the then new wonder material, Terylene, but unfortunately the First Among Equals in the partnership had got a firm of tentmakers to make it to save money! On entering the partnership I was told that they had won their club's cruising award three years running. What they didn't tell me was that they had been rescued by a lifeboat twice in one week!

They assured me that *Elouise* had been well cared for and at the end of the season they would take her up into the saltings on the equinoctial high tide, anchor her and stake lines out, then carefully cocoon her in an ex-Walls Ices tarpaulin and leave her until spring. They proudly assured me that not a drop of rain got in. Only later did I realize that this was the worst thing you could do to a wooden boat! A laid back carefree lot, the partners found me too fussy, the one thing that no one in the DCA has ever accused me of!

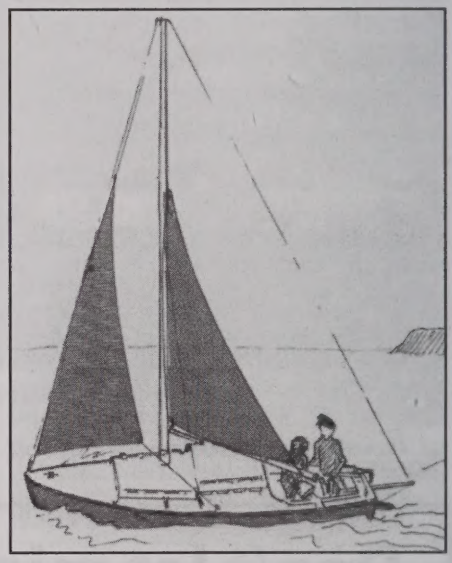
By the standards of the time we were fully equipped. We had a prewar Britannia twin-cylinder outboard motor, an ex-lifeboat trysail for heavy weather sailing, an ex-RAF compass in a box, a semi-rotary pump of the kind one primes to get going and a 25lb fisherman's anchor with a fair length of chain. Navigation equipment comprised an ancient English Channel East chart, dividers and a parallel rule. There was an all purpose bucket and a Primus stove, frying pan, saucepan, plates, etc and a hurricane lamp. We also carried kapok life jackets which were kept in the cabin so they wouldn't get wet and lose their buoyancy.

Elouise was usually left anchored on the riverbank beach in Shoreham Harbour (in those days we could do that). We would aim to arrive just as the rising tide met the boat, wade out, get on board and be afloat by the time we had stowed our gear and hoisted the sails. This was quite usual in those days, as shown by Keith Shackleton's iconic Seagull outboard motor advertisement with a chap in bare feet going out to his boatHowever, for this cruise the partners had kindly left *Elouise* alongside the quay overnight so we could load her up and get away with the young flood at 0300h. Reggie and I arrived bleary eyed and in the dark lowered our supplies down to the boat far below. In the process we accidentally spilled paraffin oil on our food, but eventually we got away.

Unfortunately, instead of the usual westerly winds we had to beat continuously against easterlies, and furthermore the new Terylene mainsail was hopelessly baggy. With the flood stream we got past Brighton but thereafter tacked back and forth until dusk without making more than a few miles' progress. Eventually, in the dark, we tacked inshore, anchored and turned in for the night. It must have been off Cuckmere haven but I was so tired I was hallucinating a bit. I thought we were in a tree-lined cove!

In the morning a bump awoke us, then another. We were grounding on rocks! The heavy anchor was hauled in and the sail was raised and fortunately we got clear in time. I looked around at what I had imagined to be a tree-lined cove, no trees, no cove even! Another day of hard struggling to windward followed, straining the hull so much that several inches of water leaked in the cabin. After clearing Beachy Head the wind became too strong so we ran inshore to Pevensey Bay and anchored in shallow water just deep enough to float at low water this time.

In the morning a Coast Guard came down to check that we were OK and informed us the wind would be easing. We were now in a position to make Boulogne on a close reach, and the Coast Guard agreed that it would be feasible in the conditions. We set the lifeboat trysail in place of the mainsail, hauled up the anchor and were away.



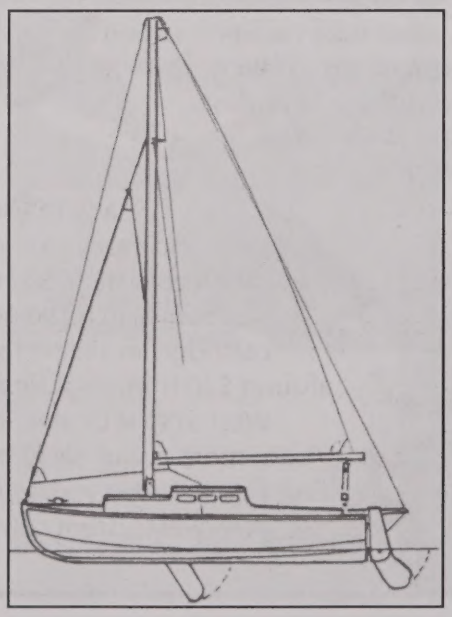
With the storm trysail set, we headed for Boulogne, bailing continuously.

On our close reach course we could sail fast at last and *Elouise* charged through the seas. With blue skies and blue seas it was perfect sailing. There was only one problem, the strain on the hull was causing her to leak so fast that one of us had to continuously bail with the bucket. We took turns, each bailing for an hour while the other steered. Being tall, I had the advantage of being able to empty the bucket in one go, whereas poor Reggie, being shorter, could only lift the bucket to the side seat, then lift again.

My faster bailing meant that I could clear the bilges before the end of my hour's shift, giving time to cook. Well, when I say cook, all that could be managed was fried bread. I am fairly resistant to seasickness but poor Reggie had suffered in the last day or two, hardly being able to eat at all. Now with the boat

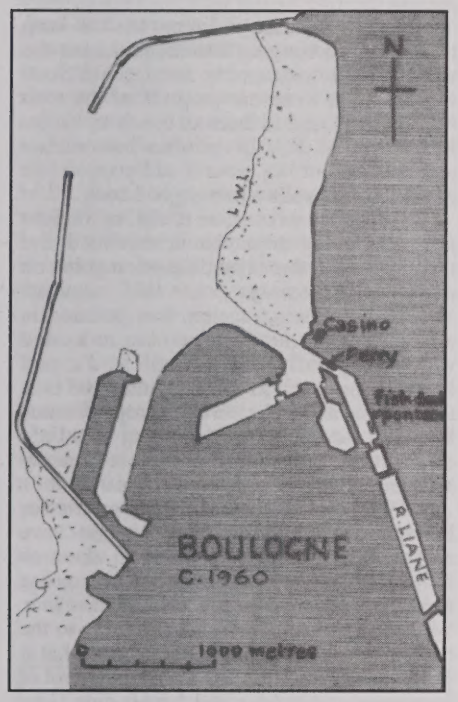
After two days starvation Reggie was delighted with my culinary efforts (I had curly hair in those days).

Elouise drawn from memory. The spreaders were high as shown and the centreplate was undersized.



moving well he had recovered and was ravenous. Surprisingly he had never tasted fried bread before and found it delicious!

As the wind eased we changed up to reefed mainsail and then later unreefed to full sail. The French coast was now clearly in sight and the various navigational features could be made out. We hadn't realized how much faster the tide runs on the French side of the Channel, but made it at last into the Boulogne outer harbour. Our English Channel (East) chart didn't give much harbour detail so we ran ashore onto a fine sandy beach in front of the casino, put a yellow duster into the rigging (my vessel is healthy and I request free pratique) and waited for the customs.



Eventually an official looking chap in a peaked cap came up and accosted us in French. Unfortunately neither Reggie nor I could remember any French beyond my asking, "Douanier M'sieu?" and receiving a "Non" for reply. Fortunately a gentleman came up and translated, first explaining, "E no douanier, e policeman, e say "Take your feelthy leetle boat off our nice clean beach and put heem in feesh dock!" (Well, something like that.)

So when the rising tide floated our boat we motored in past the cross channel ferry to the "feesh dock" where we found an unoccupied pontoon and moored. It soon became clear that a sewer fed into the fish dock and that the water here was an unholy soup of rotting fish, diesel oil and sewage, but we were both tired and starving so we climbed up an iron ladder on to the quay.

Unfortunately, being near low water, the rungs were coated with an evil grunge. At the restaurant opposite, we couldn't remember any French but Madame understood "Fish and Chips" and within a short time brought us an enormous pile of flatfish and chips to match. To our surprise we managed to eat the lot.

In the morning we decided to carry on towards Calais, the aroma of the fish dock hastening our departure. Despite flying a yellow duster (literally) we had never seen a douanier so we decided that if they were not going to bother us we wouldn't bother them. We were motoring out of the narrow entrance against a strong headwind when the ancient motor failed. The wind caught our bows and swung us violently against the projecting side of a moored cross channel ferry. The forestay held but the mast bent forward to an incredible degree, tensioning the backstay so that bumpkin broke.

We turned back into the filthy fish dock and moored on the original pontoon. Fortunately I had previously noticed a useful piece of timber floating in the dock and this was retrieved. We knew it would be sound because no rot could live in that combination of salt water and diesel oil! We borrowed tools from a neighbouring yacht and fashioned the timber into a replacement bumkin, but it was evening by the time it was made and set up. We retired ready for a dawn departure.

At dawn the wind was still blowing strongly against us and the motor still dead (it never went again). We had no option but to try and short-tack out of the narrow channel. A ferry again lay barring our way but somehow we managed to tack out without hitting it. (The boat's dinghy-like hull did help in the short tacking.) Then we were away into the outer harbour and sailing fast in the smooth water.

However, when we had cleared harbour it became obvious that we would never tack to Calais against the continuing easterly wind, so we decided to return to the English shore while we could, taking the shortest reaching course rather than aiming directly for Shoreham. After a couple of hours of good progress the wind fell light. We were both very tired and I took a turn below while Reggie took the helm.

Coming up after a short snooze I sensed something was wrong. I checked the compass. I found that Reggie was steering with the compass grid perfectly aligned but on a reciprocal course back to France! He must have fallen asleep at the helm then woke and without realizing he had swung round onto the other tack. I took over to give Reggie chance of a little rest, but now I had no idea of our position. Fortunately the wind increased again, and was still from the east, and we were making good progress towards England.

The problem was that it was very hazy and we didn't know which bit of England it would be nor when we would hit it! I was becoming very worried, straining my eyes looking in front and seeing nothing ahead, when I glanced round and saw high land had appeared to port and behind me! Immediately bearing away I realised the land was Beachy Head and that I must have been heading for the Petts Levels.

With the mist I never did see that low-lying shore but we must have been very, very close. With the fair wind and ebb stream pushing us along we made good progress but now we were very hungry and all our food, bar a little butter, was finished.

Fortunately we had a mackerel line aboard. It was trailed and a fish was misguided enough to take the lure. The poor creature was hauled aboard, gutted, fried in butter and devoured within minutes. The fair wind held and the ebb stream remained with us. Newhaven, then Brighton, came abeam and at last we entered Shoreham Harbour. We ran alongside the jetty for customs clearance, signed to declare that we had no guns aboard and that none of the crew were suffering from yellow fever and were given Free Pratique.

All that remained was to sail up the River Adur to our usual beach, drop anchors fore and aft, put the cover up and go home, leaving the boat for the partners. It transpired that the other club boats had never left Dover Harbour because of the fresh winds. In my opinion the exercise was rather too ambitious for 16' YM Seniors.

At the end of the season the three partners decided to sail *Elouise* back to the Thames for the winter. They did not invite me because I was "too fussy," but as it was a calm evening they asked me to "pray for wind" for them, which, after a fashion, I did. They left Payne's moorings in Chichester Harbour at dusk, drifted down with the ebb and then managed to get as far as Selsea Bill where they ran aground on the off-lying sands and were stuck.

While they lay there the wind came up with a vengeance, and when the rising tide reached them the anchored boat lifted with each wave and crashed back on to the shingle, jamming stones into the centreboard case and causing it to leak badly. Fortunately the crew at the Selsea Lifeboat Station opposite had seen their plight, launched and came to their aid.

It was by now too rough to enter Chichester Harbour, so the lifeboat had to carry on to Langstone entrance. This was also too rough, so the lifeboatmen had no option but to tow the sinking *Elouise* to Portsmouth where they managed to ground it in the Camber Dock. The lifeboat coxwain estimated that *Elouise* would have sunk in another three minutes!

It was my turn to have the boat next week, but when I went down I found the centreboard still jammed in its case and the boat filling with water at each high water, with the cuddy lined with dried vomit on the high waterline. There was no money for repairs because the "First Among Equals" had forgotten to pay the insurance premiums. I cut my losses and with regret left the partnership. The remaining partners eventually freed the centreplate and moored the boat off the Hardway in Portsmouth Harbour, where it sank on its moorings, was recovered and then sank again.

On the beach at Shoreham after the cruise. The big chap is the "First Among Equals"

Kokopelli

Why We Didn't Make It

By Dave Hahn

To explain about our absence at Kokopelli this year, here is the story. Our experience was a lot of fun in its own way, but not what I was planning for all year. But here is the story:

Well, we (Anita, her sister Janet, brother-in-law Scott and I) were in the area but we should have waited until Wednesday or so to launch. We got there Monday night about dusk and made a full speed run trying to get to Farley's Canyon Point, at least that is my name for it. It's the point where we made the first camp in 2009 on the way to Good Hope Bay.

But it got too dark and we found ourselves in a little steep-walled canyon about three miles down canyon from Hite. The moon hadn't come up yet and it was pretty dark. We tried to set the anchor but the canyon walls were really steep and we couldn't find the bottom. There were no beaches to speak of and it kept getting darker and darker and fairly windy as well.

Finally we found a little spit of beach, backed the boat into it and put two bow anchors back into the dirt on shore and slept on the boat, stern on the mud and bow in the water. But it worked OK. The wind died down, the anchors held and it was OK.

Tuesday we went down and made a camp at Farley's Canyon Point. There was a lot of driftwood, and with the driftwood came some fine detritus that washed onto the beach. We didn't really notice until evening, but with the detritus came a LOT of flies. As night settled on us I was watching the clouds and they seemed to be not going away but building into threatening proportions.

On Saturday night some vandals in Salt Lake were trying to steal copper wire and cut a fiber optic cable instead, so we woke up here in Millard County on 9/11 with no long distance, no cell phones, no internet and consequently no real weather forecasts. Scott had checked the weather forecast before they came down on Sunday and said that it called for scattered showers, which I always thought of as afternoon thundershowers.

Bottom line, scattered showers are not the same forecast as scattered thundershowers. As we cooked supper and sat around the fire we could see the storm continue to build by the moonlight and the wind started blowing from the west. We were anchored to be sheltered from a south wind so the waves were hitting us broadside with no protection. Our prevailing winds are oriented north-south, as you well know, but at Lake Powell I think they can come from any direction.

About 5am the rain started and the wind and waves picked up some. The forecast put the wind speed at 5-10mph, but I think that must have been a weekly average. We managed to put up a boom tent and make things fairly snug and the flies were gone as long as the wind blew.

Things were really not too bad, but when the flies came back the girls voted that we find another spot. So we had breakfast, broke camp, loaded the boat and fought our way off of the shore and back into the lake.

I had two gas cans, newly filled for our little outboard. The plastic one is the one that I used last year, the one I had tested the motor with before we left and the one that we had used so far. We were contemplating a run down to Good Hope Bay and I thought I should test out the second can of gas and so made the switch. There must have been some kind of crud in the hose as the can looked clean before I filled it. After switching fuel supplies it took about 30 seconds for the outboard to die and refuse to restart.

So, as we were drifting down the lake we thought it might be a good time to try the sail that I had sewn over the winter. Scott, Anita and Janet got the sail up and tweaked the attachment ties a little to try and get the wrinkles out, and we did a little bit of very low speed sailing/drifting as the wind had about quit by then.

I got out the tools and changed the spark plugs and fiddled with the fuel system trying to get the gunk out it. We drifted/sailed back up channel for quite a while until we were really close the to little canyon where we had spent the first night in. Finally I got the outboard going and we put-putted our way back into the canyon.

It was about 2pm or so by then and we found a quiet little spot in the very back part of the canyon, tied the boat up and stretched our legs a little. In this farthest back part of the canyon there was no beach at all, just rock. I put two bow lines out forward and one stern line that tied us to the back part of the canyon. It was tied to a rock that was about as big as I could carry, and then I put more rocks on top of it so I thought we were tied down pretty well.

We set up a little camp, there was plenty of wood but no flies, and two little canyons that we could stretch our legs and do a little exploring in. We didn't go too far as the clouds and wind had come back to visit and threatening to rain again. We hadn't really made camp, but we had taken the motor off of the boat so that we could get in and out a little easier.

We ate a little early supper/late lunch and it started raining. Everyone scrambled to put up the little boom tent, but once we got it up the wind came whistling down the canyon and caught the little boom tent like a sail and blew the boat to the west and towards the lake. The rock that was holding the stern into the shore was yanked off into the water like it wasn't there. The two bow ropes continued to hold, but the boat ran back and forth with the wind.

The motor was still on shore and I was worried that the bow anchors would give way and we would be blown onto rocks or some other not so great fate. We had very little control with just oar power in a narrow little canyon. Finally, when the wind turned a little more favorable, I jumped off onto a little shelf of rock and grabbed the boat and held it to the shore while Anita ran ashore and gathered up stoves, dishes and everything else that we had unloaded except for the outboard. I put that on the boat, helped Anita aboard and went along the cliffs to take in the bow anchors.

Scott got the outboard started and tried to keep the boat off the rocks. I got one line free and walked it back to the boat. Once I passed the line to the boat, there was only one holding it. Anita and Janet tried to keep the boat from banging into the rocks but the wind was blowing pretty strong, and Scott was trying to keep the prop off of the rock shelves that lined the back of the cove. I scurried around to pick up the other bow anchor and the boat swung around and popped one of the canyon walls a pretty good bang.

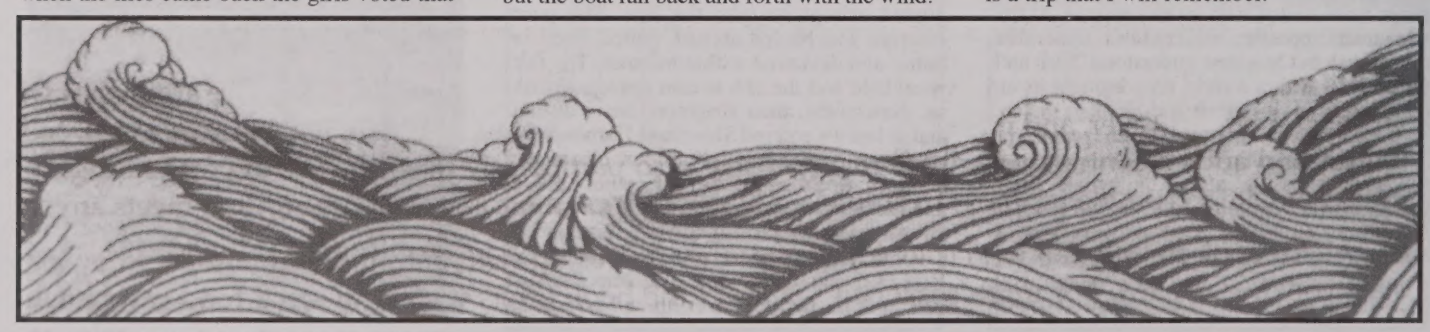
It sounded worse than it was, as the boat is mostly a big drum, but it was loud and there was a lot of excited discussion going on due to lack of steerage.

The remaining anchor was jammed in a large crack in between two big rocks and was holding really well. It wasn't hard to pull free, and once it was loose I pulled the boat towards me and gathered up the rope. It came by really close and I was standing up a little on the rocks and jumped on it as it came by and out of the little canyon we went.

We probably could have set course for Farley's Canyon then and we might have met up with everyone. But it was about as far to Hite as it was to Farley's. It was going to be dark by the time we got to either one. We hadn't scouted Farley's, partly due to the bad gas breakdown, and didn't know what it would be like. We had had a pretty good set of adventures and had decided that we didn't like sailing around unknown canyons in the dark. And so we headed for the barn and home.

I feel bad in a way that we weren't more intrepid and missed seeing everyone. Our little adventure in the canyon was kind of sobering. Either to be on shore with the motor and no boat, or to be on the boat with no motor and not much control in the wind and dark and I think we were just done in.

So that is the story. I think next year, if it is going to blow and rain, we will bring a smaller boat and camp on shore and just daysail. I built *Picara* for expedition camping and exploring and it really worked pretty well for that, but Lake Powell is an awfully big lake, and when the wind gets up and the whitecaps start to show, it might be better to be on shore with a little boat that we can actually drag up onto the beach. Maybe next year. It wasn't the trip I thought it would be, but it is a trip that I will remember.



Best of the Lot

The Little Canoe That Could

By Mark Holland

She was about 12' long, lying on her side with both stems pretty well dry rotted out with as round a bottom as they come. This was in the early '50s; she was out behind the barn at Vern Chase's archery hunting course in Dennis on Cape Cod.

Vern said he had used her to dip scallops years before (she must have been built in the early 1900s). I gave him $15 and she was mine. With no boat building experience I had a go at a re-canvas job. With no stems to fit the cedar strips to at each end I decided to put on a heavier canvas than the books recommended. I did have sense enough to check in a book on how to re-canvas a canoe. I started in the middle and worked towards the ends. There I overlapped the canvas loaded with marine glue. Well, when this set up I did not need any new stems as both ends came out real solid.

As the inner and outer gunwales were not too good, I replaced them with four 1"x2" oak strips that I steamed in a pipe and bolted together to hold the sides of the canoe and stiffen the ends. It came out looking not too badly. A coat of green marine paint and I was ready to go. Ha!

I took her to a small pond and stepped in and just as quickly she dumped me into the water. That round bottom took a while to get used to, now you know why I called her a she. I learned to get on my knees and stay there all the time while paddling.

For her size she was quite heavy. The oak gunwales accounted for some of it. I also carried about 50 pounds of sand in a waterproof bag in the bow. This sure helped the stability a lot. After using this canoe for a number of years she and I became as one afloat.

Some of our trips included overnighters down the Elizabeth Islands off Woods Hole and out to the end of Monomoy a number of times. We hit a 40mph wind from a quick changing front coming back one time, but that is another story.

A favorite trip took place in Wellfleet on the Herring River. We put in on Rt 6 and paddled to the outer harbor, being careful at the culvert on Lower Rd near Bound Brook Island, then up the harbor to Rt 6 again, being sure to catch high water in the harbor. Then it was a walk or hitch a ride to our vehicle. Nauset Marsh was also a real good trip if we planned for the tides.

Well, the trip that gave me the most pride was on a river (for the life of me I cannot remember its name) that was north of Plymouth and south of Boston. A group from the Cape went on a day trip in small boats of all kinds. Some who I do remember include Chet Farrel, boat builder from W Dennis, Paul and Richard White from E Sandwich and W. Barnstable, Pete Culler, boat builder and designer from Hyannis, Quinton Scott from S Yarmouth and George Kelly from Hyannis.

We had gone upriver, had lunch and were on the way back. Pete Culler and I were quite a way ahead of the rest, just shooting the breeze. Pete was rowing this real sleek boat that he had built himself, wish I could remember what it was but it sure could move. As we were side by side I noticed that Pete was very slowly increasing his speed so I kept up with him while trying to look as if I was not straining too much. I was taking the long power strokes that I used long distance paddling with fairly slow retrieval, then on to the next power stroke. That little canoe being as heavy as she was really carried her speed forward between strokes so that it looked as if I was not working too hard, sort of like a duck sitting calmly on the water while its feet were going like hell down below the surface.

Well, Pete kept on increasing his speed and I kept on keeping up, neither of us talking now, we were really hauling. Finally Pete eased up and in his dry way said, "Mark, I think you have the best of the lot." This was quit a compliment to a little glued up canoe from a master like Pete. At the time I was using one of those Canadian paddles with the T-handle and large blade.

Just before I moved off Cape Cod in the mid '70s I sold the little canoe to a young man in his late teens. I like to think that she still wanders the Cape's waters today.

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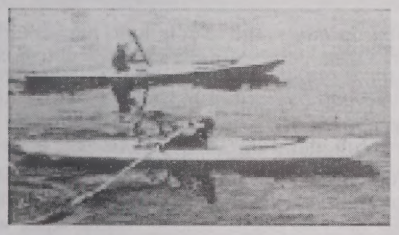

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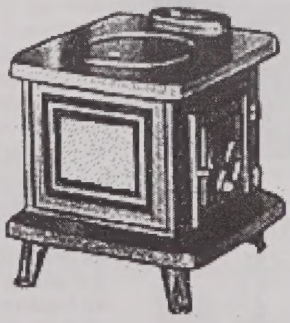

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Boat Building with Burnham

Summer and Fall with *Ardelle*

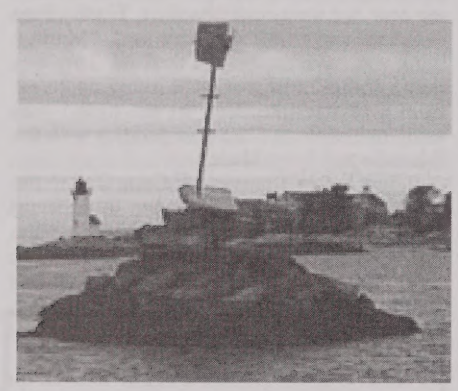
From Boatbuilding by Burnham Blog
boatbuildingwithburnham.blogspot.com

By Laurie Fullerton

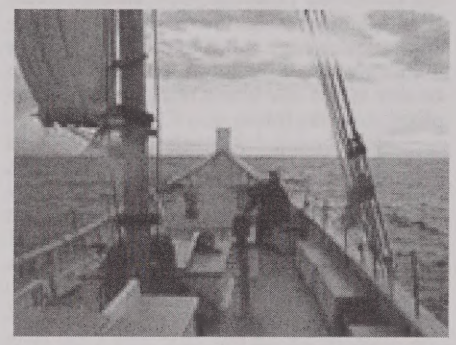
Portsmouth Charter Trip

On October 22 we sailed out of Gloucester to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where we had a charter. We took advantage of the good weather and had a great sail, with 15-20 knot SW winds and flat seas we flew up the New Hampshire coast in a few hours. On our way we saw a fin whale crossing our bow twice and some harbor seals at play.

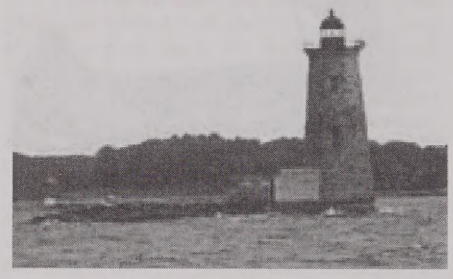
At Portsmouth's Prescott Park we visited our friends at the Gundalow Project, a massive wooden gundalow being built at Strawberry Banke, and had lunch at the famous Ceres Bakery on Penhallow Street owned by a friend of ours, We chatted with shipbuilder Paul Rollins, Nate Piper and others and had folks asking us about the *Ardelle* as she related to the gundalow. Some Portsmouth school kids decided that the gundalow and the *Ardelle* must be cousins as they are about the same age and are two great building projects... ours now complete and the gundalow getting close.



Passing the Annisquam Light (in Gloucester), one of the nation's oldest lighthouses.



During the sail to Portsmouth a fin whale crossed our bow twice.



Entering the Piscataqua River to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Isle of Shoals.—*Photo by Pierre Erhard*

Loading up at Prescott Park in Portsmouth.—*Photo by David R. Hiley*

Final Sail for 2011 and Up the Creek for Winter

The first week in November Harold took our friend David Wyman out for a final sail on the *Ardelle* along the Essex River. David is a marine architect who worked closely with Harold and the Coast Guard during the design and construction of the *Ardelle*. We thank him very much for his kind assistance, this week was his first opportunity to take a sail. He was not disappointed!

The *Ardelle* will be in the creek near the barn for quite some time, now perhaps for the whole winter. We were not sure what to think about the ice forming around her this winter... but, as with most everything around here, somehow the right decision will come to us. In the meantime, we think that the little creek between the Essex shipbuilding museum and the Burnham yard might draw a few of Cape Ann's artists and photographers, and we say come on down!

Work continues here at the yard and so, I feel, should this blog. We hope you can continue to read about life at the boatyard and, of course, we welcome your photographs from this epic year when the schooner was built, launched and sailed. We could not have done it without you, all of you! Do come sailing next spring/summer, we already have a few adventures planned.

On my part, I do have to agree with Katherine Hepburn's famous line from *The Philadelphia Story* every time I think of the *Ardelle*... "my, she was (is) yar. " She really is.

John O'Neil, Tad Beck and her daughter Sarah celebrating Tad's 93rd birthday aboard *Ardelle*.

Impromptu Reunion

On November 13 we took the *Ardelle* out of the creek and turned her around and enjoyed having Chad Gadbois and his son and Tad Beck (who turned 93 on that day) on board, among others. After we got her turned around some more of the crew turned up so it became an impromptu reunion. It was great to see everyone... since the *Ardelle* got sailing in September we have not seen the crew as much, we have all scattered or gone back to our everyday lives. It must have been one of those days where folks felt drawn to the boat because we had quite a great gathering. Hope it happens again soon!

Harold and SteveWillard.

Up the creek for the winter.

Heading for the barn up the Essex River.

Ardelle Takes Up Gloucester Residence

Sailing history was made in Gloucester, Massachusetts, last August when the schooner *Ardelle* arrived at its new home at Maritime Gloucester, formerly known as the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, on Harbor Loop. The addition of the *Ardelle* to the Gloucester fleet, joining the *Thomas E. Lannon* (launched in 1997), meant that two "passenger fisherman" schooners built in Harold Burnham's boatyard in Essex would be sailing regularly from Gloucester. The *Ardelle* offered day and evening sails to the public and also served as a floating classroom and laboratory for the several thousand students who participate in hands-on marine science education programs at Maritime Gloucester. In addition to her educational role she offered several two-hour public trips a day and was available for charter for weddings, birthdays, family events and other special occasions.

Burnhams have been building schooners since the early 1800s and Essex has turned out more than 4,000 of them. The traditionally built double ended "pinky schooner" *Ardelle* is "sawn frame and trunnel fastened" using indigenous resources, both material and labor in the tradition of the Essex boat building industry.

"I could not be more proud of the people who helped build this vessel in the Essex tradition and the opportunity to sail regularly from Maritime Gloucester, which continues an historic community linkage that goes back centuries. It's an opportunity to help people discover and value our past while also helping students develop their science and math skills and explore future opportunities that may not have previously been obvious to them," said Harold Burnham.

Heritage Center Changes Name

Maritime Gloucester, under the Heritage Center banner, has become the region's leader in hands-on education in marine science and related fields. It now serves more than 3,000 students from Cape Ann area schools each year and expects to double that number in five years. It also hosts some 30,000 visitors to the Stellwagen National Marine Sanctuary exhibit, the aquarium touch tanks and to Gorton's Gallery where the story of fitting out schooners in the late 1800s is told.

The name change, and its new tag line, "Oceans of Discovery," reflects its evolving mission as an educational center that continues to feature Gloucester's maritime past. The change, formally unveiled on September 2 at the organization's annual Bluenose Gala, is the result of a major strategic initiative begun last year under the late Harriet Webster, who served as executive director from the organization's earliest days, to emphasize its growing success delivering hands-on marine science education to students. In addition to the new name and tag line, Maritime Gloucester has set a goal of doubling its student population, now at more than 3,000, in five years. It's looking to offer its programs to middle school students throughout Essex County and beyond.

Geoffrey Richon, president of the Maritime Gloucester board, called the arrival of the *Ardelle* "one of the most important events in the 11-year history of Maritime Gloucester. Having the *Ardelle* as an integral part of Maritime Gloucester's programs for students and the public makes an important statement about Gloucester's role in maritime history, as well as about the importance of science and technology to a sustainable environment and a strong economy."

Rockport middle school teacher Carolyn McWilliams, whose students are active participants in Maritime Gloucester's programs, said the addition of the *Ardelle* "will significantly enhance the already impressive hands-on learning experience at Maritime Gloucester. It's an experience that both excites and inspires students to discover their passion for science and math. For our students, the programs offer a period of discovery that couldn't be found elsewhere. The addition of the schooner *Ardelle* is a tremendous building block in the learning process."

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Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The International Scene

Operating a US-flagged vessel in foreign commerce in 2010 was 2.7 times dearer than operating a foreign-flagged equivalent and US-flag crewing costs were more than five times as expensive.

Shipping giant AP Moller-Maersk will use more armed guards on tankers passing through the Gulf of Aden but has "no immediate plans" to extend the policy to its container ships.

Anti-piracy efforts increasingly are focusing on tracing the flow of ransom money. There is growing evidence that it is being invested in the economies of surrounding nations (such as financing a real estate boom in Kenya). But efforts to trace serial numbers of ransom bills have been thwarted at least twice when Danish authorities lost lists of such numbers.

In the third quarter, South Korean yards received about half of the total global ship building orders. (For figure freaks, that was 2.5 million gross tons for the period from July to September, about 50% of the 4.9m gt of total global orders.)

The People's Liberation Army's 584' long (178 meter long) hospital ship *Peace Ark* and more than 100 medical volunteers extended China's "doctor diplomacy" into the Caribbean at Jamaica.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: In the Persian Gulf, the oil service vessel *Koosha 1* sank due to a combination of bad weather and overloading. Rescue teams saved 60 people but 13 divers were trapped in a decompression chamber. Bodies of six were found in the sunken vessel (had they tried to escape from the chamber?).

Ships collided or allided: The Finnish fishing vessel *Florence* collided with the container ship *Amazon* at night and in dense fog. The crew of the *Amazon* noticed the collision but regarded the impact as mild, perhaps some flotsam rather than another vessel. The FV sank inside of one minute but an automatic alarm system (an EPIRB?) alerted Finnish and Estonian authorities. Rescuers found the fishermen because they were vigorously blowing the whistles on their lifejackets.

In New Zealand's Queen Charlotte Sound in misty conditions, the 8.5-metre government owned catamaran workboat *Waitohi* and an 8.5-metre Herreshoff sailboat collided. The sailboat couldn't sink completely because fittings near the top of its mast caught the catamaran's safety railing.

Because the container ship *MSC Nederland* ran into the chemical tanker *Elka Apollon* at the Bayport Ship Channel and Houston Ship Channel intersection near light #75, three containers ended up on the tanker's deck.

Ships ran aground: A few miles inshore from where salvagers were removing bunker oil from the stranded *Rena* off Tauranga and figuring out how to remove the remaining containers, the small container ship *Schelde Trader* lost power and drifted onto rocks despite dropping an anchor. The ship managed to get itself off and was towed further out to sea while experts assessed it for damage before it resumed its voyage to Noumea.

Fire and explosions took their toll: In India at Chicalim in Goa a worker died and two others were seriously injured when paint solvents exploded on new-build barge *Shantam 3884*. The blast was so powerful that the dead man's body was blown onto the roof of the nearby St Anthony's chapel. Although emergency services were quick to respond, the fire department was late in learning about the incident and arrived an hour after the explosion.

Because explosions in compressors used by refrigerated containers have killed at least three maintenance men, hundreds of reefer units have been quarantined. Common to all explosions is that the units were serviced in Vietnam during 2011.

Humans died in other ways: At Diliskelesi (it's in Turkey), while the Chief Mate was supervising the docking of the chemical tanker *Chemstar Yasu*, a "maneuvering rope" snapped and hit him. He later died in a local hospital.

In Louisiana at Garyville, a worker dismantling a Mississippi River barge was killed when a piece of the deck fell on him.

Four Bangladeshi workers died and two others were ill after inhaling toxic gas while dismantling a vessel at a ship-breaking yard in the Chittagong region. All six fell unconscious while working inside a compartment. Their deaths come just days after two other laborers were killed in a similar incident at another local yard, and at a third local scrapping yard, a worker died when he fell from a ship.

Gray Fleets

Sixty-four sailors will be discharged from the US Navy for using or distributing drugs, mostly the designer drug Spice. They were assigned to the nuclear submarine *USS San Francisco*, the aircraft carrier *USS Carl Vinson* and a floating dry dock. Spice is a synthetic drug that mimics the effects of marijuana. Six sailors also used cocaine and one was found to have used methamphetamines.

Bad apples have a way of being discovered. The former commanding officer of the destroyer *USS Momsen* will spend three years in jail after being court martialed on charges stemming from incidents involving a junior female officer and an enlisted woman. He was charged with (hang on) one count of rape, two counts of aggravated sexual assault, two counts of abusive sexual contact, one count of sodomy, two counts of maltreatment, three counts of conduct unbecoming an officer, and four counts of violating general orders.

After years of controversy over which California city would get it, the US Navy transferred title to the battleship *USS Iowa* to a Los Angles' group. The Pacific Battleship Center plans to operate the ship as an interactive museum at Berth 87.

The Ghana Armed Forces will use four new patrol boats built in China against the country's recalcitrant fishermen, who have decided to fight naval personnel over fisheries regulations. A recent clash was over the seizure of generators used in floodlight fishing. Secondary duties, of course, will be to ensure the safety of the country's territorial integrity, provide safe sea passage to legitimate traffic and combat illegal activities such as drug trafficking, piracy and pair trawling.

Iran's Revolutionary Guards' increasingly aggressive navy has 20,000 personnel and a large fleet suitable for waging the sort of asymmetric warfare it favors. It is larger than Iran's traditional navy with its 18,000 sailors.

The Royal Australian Navy patrol boat *HMAS* Broome was preparing to berth at the Papua New Guinea town of Alotau when word was received that the container vessel Vega Fynen had lost engine power and was drifting towards a reef. The warship raced 146 nautical miles at best speed to rendezvous with the 13,000-ton vessel and was able to slowly pull the vessel away from immediate danger.

Thanks to night vision goggles and the keen eyes of a midshipman, the offshore patrol boat *HMS Mersey* rescued a Dutch yachtsman floating in a partially inflated and unlit life raft a couple of miles from the remains of his burning yacht. He had been sailing alone from Lowestoft to his native Holland.

White Fleets

The cruise ship *Norwegian Gem* rescued five sailors from the sailboat *Sanctuary* about 256 miles northeast of Bermuda.

The *Queen Mary 2* experienced a fire in a gas turbine exhaust while ten miles east of Cape North, Nova Scotia, in rough weather. No injuries, no pollution. Then passengers reported that the ship twice came to a complete stop for a short period while crossing the Atlantic.

At Calvi in Corsica, divers had to cut the *Mein Schiff 2*'s anchor chain after it became jammed between rocks.

When a young man jumped from the 11th deck of the *Celebrity Equinox*, he hit a lifeboat's rigging. He was dead when recovered about half an hour later.

While the *Maasdam* was docked at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, an elderly man was reported missing by his wife. Soon after a lobster fisherman found a body floating in Northumberland Strait.

When the *Norwegian Dawn* docked at Boston after a cruise to Bermuda, it was carrying the bodies of two recently deceased people. An elderly woman had died of natural causes. The cause of a young man's death was unknown but it was not considered to be a homicide.

Those That Go Back and Forth

At the Greek port of Piraeus near Athens, unionized seafarers called off an eight-day strike against the government's austerity drive but continued to block some ferry departures. That hampered passenger travel to the Greek islands and left some islands dangerously low on food, fuel and medical supplies.

The British-flagged ro-ro/pax *Hafnia Seaways* had a fire on board while enroute to Cuxhaven. The fire started in the ship's sauna and damage was serious enough to require a replacement ferry.

Off Albania, the Turkish merchant ship *Reina 1* sank in two minutes, taking with it eight sailors, after colliding with the car ferry *Ankara*.

When fire broke out as the Jordanian ferry *Pella* was some 15 nautical miles from the Jordanian port of Aqaba and headed for the Egyptian port of Nuweiba, 1,230 passengers were told to get into life rafts. One passenger died when he jumped into the sea.

The Algerian-flagged ro-ro/pax *Tassili II* was forced to return to Oran with more than 2,500/438 (take your pick) passengers and 300/208 (take your pick) vehicles on board due to damage suffered by striking a wharf/rock (take your pick). Passengers

refused to get off, demanding to be transported to Marseille, and they spent the night on board before being forced to leave the ship the next morning.

Ferries bumped into things. At Hong Kong, three elderly people were seriously hurt and 73 others were injured when a high speed, double deck catamaran ferry hit a mooring dolphin. The captain explained that he was trying to avoid a light buoy on the portside of the vessel and when he spotted the unlit dolphin on the starboard side, it was too late. The starboard side of the ferry's bow was badly holed, leaving the interior framing exposed, but the vessel took on no water. A helicopter took the most seriously injured patients to hospitals on Hong Kong Island.

In Denmark at Rønne, the *Leonora Christina* hit one of the two towers that control the vehicle ramp. The ferry suffered a hole that was quickly patched with a steel plate, however, it could still carry vehicles, but only cars. The tower suffered more.

At Auckland, the Devonport bound *Kea* suffered a hole when it somehow backed into the berthed ferry *Harbour Cat*, punching a hole in that vessel. One person described the contact as "a bit of a crunch." One minor injury.

After an eyewitness informed police that the Kiel Canal ferry *Memel* was being operated in an unsafe manner, police found the ferry's captain under the influence of alcohol and his coffee cup filled with red wine.

Nature

Tsunami debris from Japan's March magnitude 9.0 earthquake will reach Hawaii in two years and the West Coast of North America in three years. Based on what has already been encountered by ships at sea, the debris may include floating TV sets, fridges and other home appliances.

Legal Matters

A US defense attorney claimed that the US government is waging a sophisticated sort of piracy in its pursuit of "magic pipe" offenders. He identified the environmental crimes section of the US Department of Justice as the "mother ship" and noted that, "The average ransom paid by ship owners in Somalia in 2010 was $2 million and their crews spent an average of nine months in detention.

Here in the US, the average criminal fine in magic pipe cases is around $2 million and the government requires seafarers to stay behind for 9 to 12 months, and sometimes more. What is the difference?" Since the late 1990s, the US government has probably raised well over $200m through such fines.

In partial confirmation of the attorney's claims, read on. The bulker *Gaurav Prem* was detained at Mobile, Alabama, after the Coast Guard detected a magic pipe infraction. The ship was allowed to leave after the authorities extracted a surety but 16 (repeat, sixteen) crew members had to stay behind at the owner's expense to assist in the investigation. The owner provided lodging, health coverage and a meal allowance of $40 a day to the men, but their passports had to be surrendered.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

"A pirate's life is not an easy one," wrote Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, and his statement is still true. Thirty percent of all Somalian pirates never return from attack missions in the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean.

Piracy changes continuously. Pirates are maximizing profits by separating crews from hijacked vessels, taking them onshore and holding them for ransom.

And in the southern Red Sea, vessels have been coming under attack by groups of up to a dozen skiffs.

In the Indian Ocean 100 miles off the Somali coast, Royal Marines from the frigate *HMS Somerset* rescued a group of Pakistani fishermen who had been captured when Somali pirates seized their trawler. The pirates were then transferred to a US warship in the area since British policy is to not take prisoners because they might ask for political asylum.

In Indonesian waters, Malaysian forces boarded the tanker *Nautica Johor Bahru* at night after a group of pirates armed with a pistol and machetes had left along with the crew's cash, mobile phones and laptops. The nearby presence of three Royal Malaysia warships may have had something to do with the pirates' decision to flee.

Also recovered was a drifting barge that was being towed by the fishing boat *Ever Commender* when hijacked. Six armed pirates had left the barge, presumably to hijack a more powerful towing vessel. The FV with seven crewmembers was located aground but safe.

And a Malaysian court sentenced six Indonesians to ten years in jail plus caning for trying to rob a merchant ship near Singapore.

Several kidnap-and-ransom insurers want armed guards on vessels transiting the Gulf of Aden and the Indian, and others insurers are offering discounts of up to 35% to those ship owners employing private security firms for voyages in high risk areas. For an average vessel valued at $20 million, the starting price for a policy is about $35,000 for a seven-day transit of the Gulf of Aden. With armed guards on board, a discount of 35% would represent a saving of $12,250. But several states, including France, Greece and Japan, prohibit the use of armed guards on board vessels.

But not everything was piracy related. Near the disputed Spratly Islands in the South China Sea, a Philippine patrol ship (reportedly the World War II vintage *BRP Rizal*) spotted a Chinese fishing vessel in Philippine waters near Reed Bank, which the Philippines claims is within its waters. The vessel was towing about 35 smaller boats. A problem with the patrol boat's steering caused it to become entangled with one of the smaller boats. The Chinese vessel then left, abandoning the smaller boats.

Odd Bits

Back in January, the river tanker *Waldhof* capsized at a critical pinch point on the River Rhine with the loss of two crew. The accident trapped an estimated 300 barges in the Mainz area of Germany and that cost an estimated €55 million ($75.8 million). Operators hurt the most (about €14 million) due to "involuntary waiting" at up to €4,000 per day per vessel in lost income, while shippers, forwarders and brokers suffered costs of around €26 million, mainly due to having to arrange alternative transport via a shift to other modes or a bypass. The accident also prompted calls for more heavy cranes capable of lifting large Rhine barges.

At Portland, Maine, a fire captain and a firefighter got into trouble when they crashed the fireboat *City of Portland IV* onto rocks, causing $38,000 of underwater damage. The impact sheared off a propeller shaft and damaged a rudder but the boat was able to return to Portland without aid. To make matters worse, there were 12 civilians, including family members, aboard during what was called "a training exercise." Back in 2009 the same boat ran aground two months after it was put into service, then sustaining $90,000 worth of damage.

The competence and valor displayed by two shipmasters after the recent Japanese earthquake were recognized by their peers at a recent meeting. The master of the high-sided vehicle carrier *Morning Cedar* opted to steam out of Onahama Harbour as huge tsunami waves lashed his ship and the docks. He cleared the breakwater and took the ship to safety in the open sea. But that option was not available to the master of the bulker *Port of Pegasus*. He was on the bridge when a loudspeaker blared a warning in Japanese that nobody on board could understand.

But the operator of a crane-like unloader plunged deep into #4 hold knew and fled as the tsunami approached. With the unloader still in the ship, the master faced a dilemma; if the ship left the pier, the unloader would be pulled down onto the ship, but if the ship departed, it risked being wrecked. When the ship was hit by the first eight-metre wave, all but two mooring lines snapped. For the next 18 hours, the master worked the ship's propulsion and steering to maneuver the ship, often at full power, in a successful fight against repeated waves and extraordinary currents.

The destroyer *HMS Edinburgh* was docked at Cape Town near the hotel where the US president's wife was staying. The Sea Dart missile launchers on the destroyer's foredeck happened to be pointed at the windows of her suite so, according to reports, the American Secret Service made sure that the missile loads were inert drill rounds.

Head-Shaker

A report revealed how the 280' high speed catamaran ferry *Condor Vitesse* managed to run down the 30' whelk fishing boat *Les Marquises* south of the Channel Island of Jersey last March. The whelk fishing boat was cut in half and its skipper was killed although two injured deckhands managed to cling to the hull until rescued 25 minutes later by the ferry.

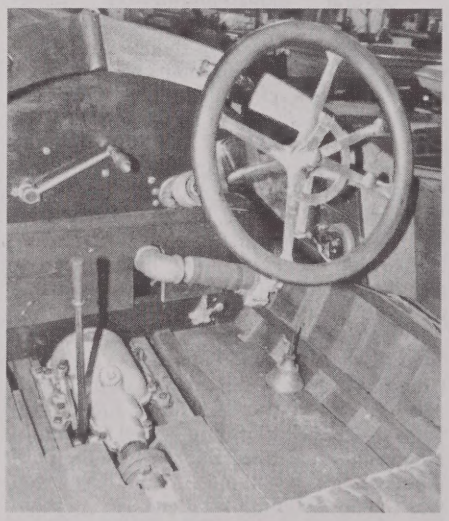
The ferry was zipping along at 36.9 knots when it entered a thick fog bank. Speed was not reduced, nobody was watching two radars that had been showing the FV for several minutes and nobody turned on the ferry's fog signal. It was thought the engines provided a better warning and, besides, the horn disturbed the officers on watch. Instead, the bridge team raptly listened to the ferry's master recount how the slinky movements of sexy actress Halle Berry as Catwoman on TV the night before had given him a bad night's sleep. Then the collision.

ATOSIS

Atosis

By Dan Miller
Reprinted from *The Gazette Annual 2011*
Journal of the Antique Boat Museum
Clayton, New York

At Cobbosseecontee circa 1908-1911



Atosis *completed in Massachusetts, 1907. Photo courtesy of the Norris Family.*

The day started innocently enough, as they usually do. I show up at the office with a list of things to accomplish that day and then a phone call comes through that changes everything. In this case, it was James Norris on the other end of the line. Jim was offering us his family's race boat, he described her "like a miniature *Dixie II*, only older..." *Dixie II*, of course, is the 1909 Gold Cup raceboat that is a cornerstone of our collection.

When *Atosis* arrived in Clayton the end of 2010, she was even better than described, an object that is truly the definition of "museum quality."

Atosis was built in 1906-1907 by Burton H. "Bub" Norris, while he was working as an electrical engineer for General Electric in Lynn, Massachusetts. Her construction, while common for other boat types at the time, is rather unusual for a race boat, as she is constructed much like a canvas covered canoe. Wide, flat cedar ribs and cedar planking covered with canvas make for a lightweight and watertight hull.

Long and skinny, she is 23' long and has a 36" beam. Design-wise, she is typical of the race boats of the era and, in many ways, does indeed resemble a miniature *Dixie II*. She was originally powered with a 15hp Roberts Motor Company 4-cylinder 2-stroke engine and quickly earned the reputation for being a fast boat.

Atosis was completed in time for the July 4th races at Lake Cobbosseecontee, Maine, but while being shipped there by rail, the railroad managed to lose her. Five months later, she was found in Kansas City! Reunited with her owner, *Atosis* quickly established herself as a successful race boat, reportedly running within one-half mile of the Gold Cup race record speed, which was 20.8 mph in 1907.

During these years, great strides were made in race boat design, engine performance and propeller designs and by 1909 *Atosis* was no longer the fastest boat on Lake Cobbosseecontee. Losing to Burley Martin's *Rabbit* during the Annual Lake Cobbosseecontee Sweepstakes Race certainly must not have set well with the competitive Bub Norris, who set out to improve *Atosis* for the coming season. Re-launched on August 18 on Lake Cobbosseccontee, *Atosis* was now powered with a new 20hp Rogers 4-cylinder 2-cycle engine.

According to an account by Bub's sister Molly, that same day *Atosis* was chosen as one of three race boats to represent the

Left from top: *Atosis* at Cobbosseecontee circa 1908-1911. B.H. "Bub" Norris. (Photo courtesy of the Norris family) *Atosis'* helm showing her hand cranked starter and Detroit reversing gear. Notice how her construction resembles that of a canvas canoe. *Atosis* completed in Massachusetts, 1907. (Photo courtesy of the Norris family)

Cobbossee Yacht Club in an interclub race against the Auburn (Maine) Boat Club. Two days later, the untested engine proved troublesome, there was no compression in the cylinders. Nonetheless, *Atosis* still made 19mph, and was prepared for the five mile race. During the race, Norris discovered that the forward cylinder was overheating. While he disconnected and reconnected it several times during the race, *Atosis* still easily beat the other five entrants in the race.

Later that same day, *Atosis* won the the C.Y.C. Sweepstakes race against four other entrants, and a week later won the Handicap Race against seven other boats. This remarkable success led the Rogers Motor Company to feature *Atosis* and her three wins in their advertisements for 1911.

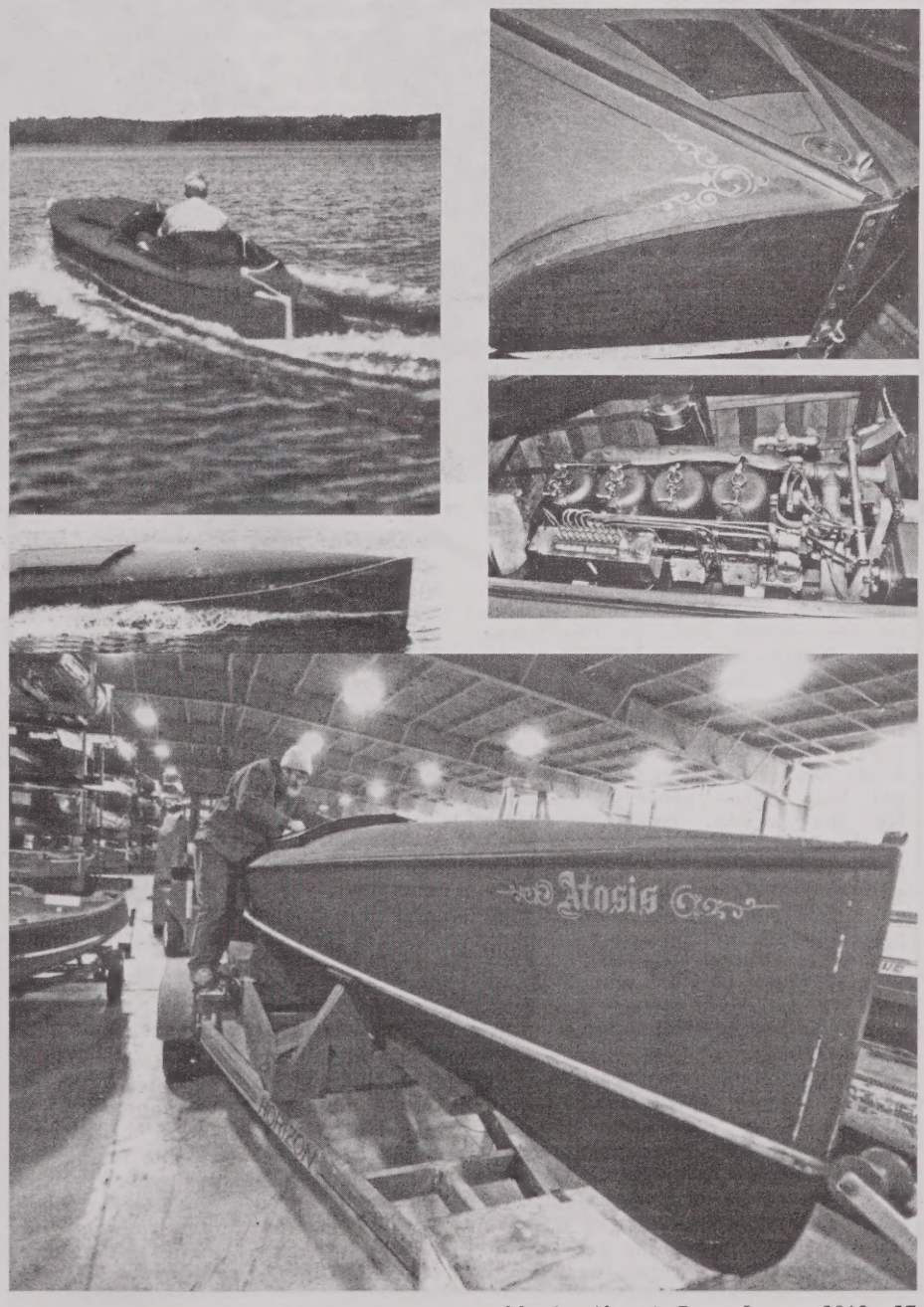
In an attempt to keep her competitive in the wake of newer, faster boats, Bub Norris re-powered her once again in 1912, this time with a 40hp Roberts engine. This proved to be much too powerful for the boat and she was placed in the back of a barn and covered with canvas. *Cobosseecontee Kid* was built to replace Atosis, and Norris continued to win races.

Atosis rested in the barn "left alone except for occasional peeks by curious children." Bub's grandchildren finally convinced their father to get the boat out again in 1985. *Atosis* only needed a cleaning to prepare her for re-launching. Her second 20hp Roberts engine, which had been packed in a crate, was disassembled just enough to clean out the mice nests and on reassembly it fired right up.

The Norris family, Jim (the son of the builder) and his two sons Jim and Burt, brought *Atosis* to the Antique Boat Show in Clayton in 1987 (see following article from MAIB in 1987), where she received the highest acclaims from collectors and Museum staff alike. Despite advice to have *Atosis* restored, the Norrises opted instead to preserve her, and around the same time retired her from active service for the second time.

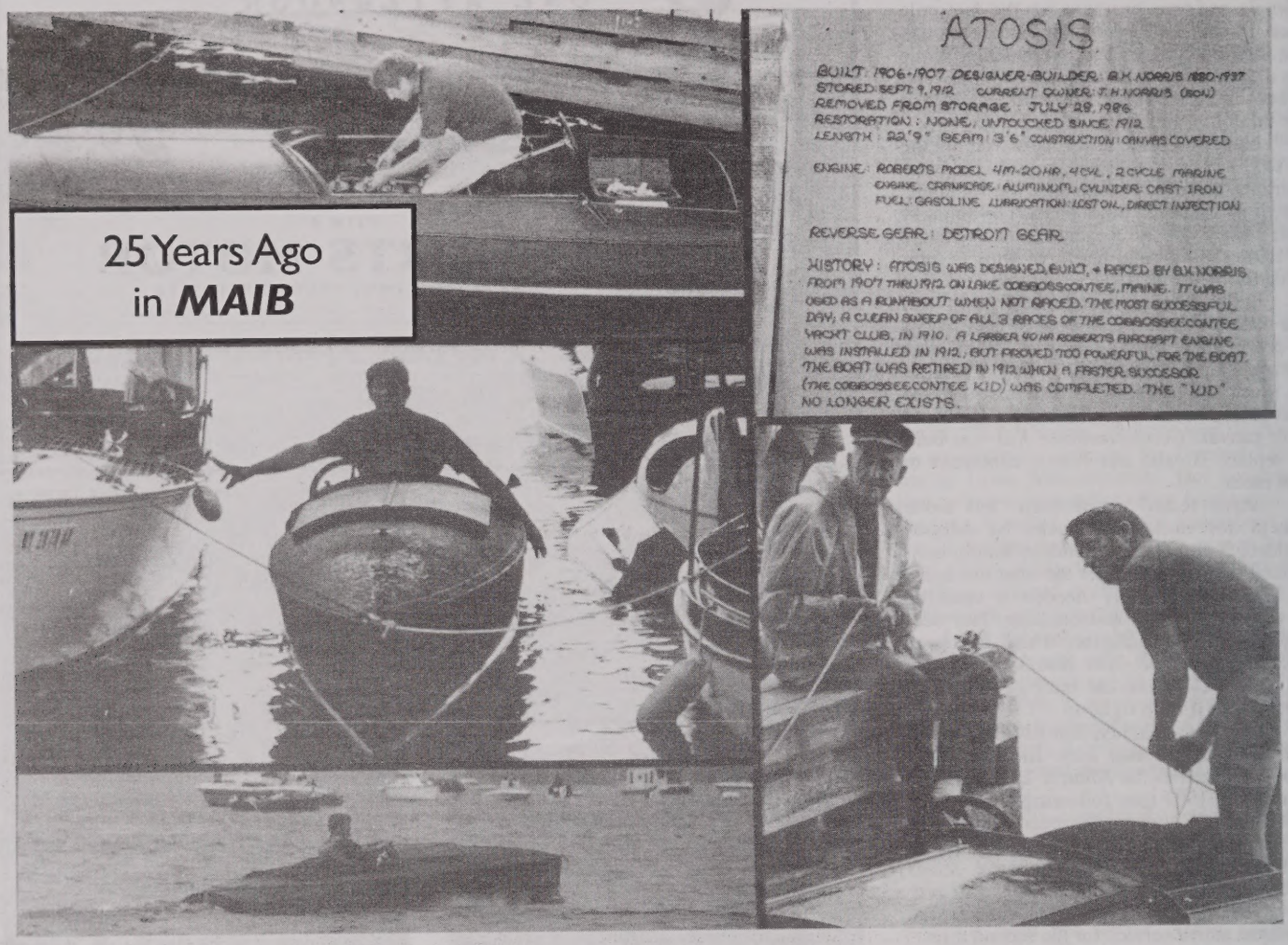
Through the excellent stewardship provided by the Norris family since 1912 *Atosis* comes to the Antique Boat Museum as one of the finest examples of a preserved boat in our permanent collection, all especially remarkable example due to her age. That she was so well preserved, had never been restored nor refinished and has such a well-documented history, makes her "museum quality" in the eyes of a curator. We are thrilled to have *Atosis* become part of the collection and send sincere thanks to the Norris family for this extraordinary and generous gift.

THREE VICTORIES
IN
ONE AFTERNOON
WITH A
ROBERTS MOTOR
THE MOTOR THAT NEVER BACKFIRES
THE "ATOSIS," OF LAKE COBOSEECONTEE, ME., OWNED BY B. H. NORRIS, OF SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
EQUIPPED WITH A ROBERTS MODEL 4 M 4-CYL. 20-H.P. MOTOR MADE A CLEAN SWEEP OF EVERY RACE ENTERED
MADE IN NINE SIZES—ONE TO SIX CYLINDERS—THREE TO SIXTY H.P.
STANDARD MODELS WEIGHING 65 TO 635 LBS. SPECIAL AEROLITE MODELS 60 TO 305 LBS.
PROMPT DELIVERIES OF ALL SIZES
OUR COMPLETE CATALOG IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING—WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.
THE ROBERTS MOTOR COMPANY, 1400 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, Ohio, U. S. A.



Right from top: The Roberts Motor Company featured *Atosis* in their 1911 advertising. (*MotorBoating*, October 1909, ABM Archives). *Atosis* underway in Clayton, 1987. The builder's son is at the helm. (Photo courtesy of the Norris family) A fine bow wave is formed as *Atosis* knifes through the water. (Photo courtesy of the Norris family). Details of transom. The 20hp Rogers engine was installed in *Atosis* in 1910. It was her second engine. Curator of Watercraft, Dan Miller, examines *Atosis*. (Photo courtesy of the *Watertown Daily Times*)

ATOSIS. . .out of a Time Capsule


25 Years Ago
in MAIB
ATOSIS
BUILT: 1906-1907 DESIGNER-BUILDER: B.K. NORRIS 1880-1937
STORED: SEPT. 9, 1912 CURRENT OWNER: T.H. NORRIS (SON)
REMOVED FROM STORAGE: JULY 29, 1986
RESTORATION: NONE, UNTOUCHED SINCE 1912
LENGTH: 22'9" BEAM: 3'6" CONSTRUCTION: CANVAS COVERED
ENGINE: ROBERTS MODEL 4M-20 HP, 4 CYL., 2 CYCLE MARINE ENGINE. CRANKCASE: ALUMINUM; CYLINDER: CAST IRON FUEL: GASOLINE LUBRICATION: LOST OIL, DIRECT INJECTION
REVERSE GEAR: DETROIT GEAR
HISTORY: ATOSIS WAS DESIGNED, BUILT, & RACED BY B.K. NORRIS FROM 1907 THRU 1912 ON LAKE COBBOSSCONTEE, MAINE. IT WAS USED AS A RUNABOUT WHEN NOT RACED. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL DAY; A CLEAN SWEEP OF ALL 3 RACES OF THE COBBOSSEECONTEE YACHT CLUB, IN 1910. A LARGER 90 HP ROBERTS AIRCRAFT ENGINE WAS INSTALLED IN 1912, BUT PROVED TOO POWERFUL FOR THE BOAT. THE BOAT WAS RETIRED IN 1912 WHEN A FASTER SUCCESSOR (THE COBBOSSEECONTEE KID) WAS COMPLETED. THE "KID" NO LONGER EXISTS.

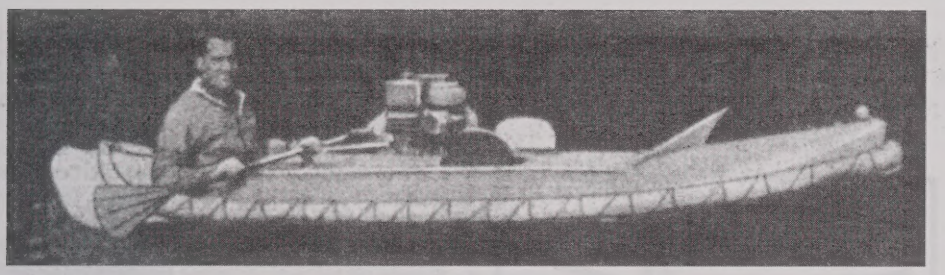
A son and grandson of the builder bring back a creation from 75 years ago.

The judges had to come up with a new award to deal with the remarkable old speedboat, ATOSIS, displayed, and run in the parade, by Jim Norris and his two sons. They finally awarded ATOSIS something they called, "Staff Choice". I think I'd have called it something like "Heartwarmer of the Year". Norris was obviously moved and his sons, who had struggled much to get the engine properly running for the parade, must have felt pretty good about it too. Jim Norris is in his 70's and ATOSIS is a speedboat his father built in 1906 near Lynn, MA, to race summers on Lake Cobbosseeconti near Augusta, ME. ATOSIS was displayed in original unrestored condition as it was when put away in 1912 when Jim's dad, then a young man, built a new, faster boat to preserve his winning ways. ATOSIS has been stored at the Lake for 75 years under a simple muslin cloth in a boatshed on the builder's father's property.

Jim Norris told me how he'd often thought about getting out his dad's old racer, but the years went on and on and nothing was done. In recent years, according to his son, they had been trying to get him to bring out the boat, and it wasn't until a year ago that the muslin was lifted and the faded mahogany colored canvassed wooden hull came out into the sunlight. The engine had been long removed, and at one time spent over 40 years in a crate under a bench in Schenectady, NY, but it was still in hand and was re-installed. Last year ATOSIS appeared in the show on the trailer, not in running condition.

This year would be different. A couple of weeks beforehand, ATOSIS was running and back in the water on the Lake in Manchester, ME. All was well. Then at Clayton, the starter crank, which is on the dash and turns the crankshaft via a roller chain, broke and the engine misfire somehow upset the magneto timing. While Jim went off to a nearby marina to get a chain drive fabricated for the starter, one son wrestled with the timing problem. To start the engine, or to try to start it, he'd crouch down over the engine after filling the priming cups (this is a 1908 engine, remember) and setting the spark and throttle controls on the steering wheel column. Then he'd reach down and take the flywheel at the forward end of the engine in his hands to give the engine a turn or two, backing up against compression and then flipping it the other way. It was an all-morning struggle but perseverance prevailed. ATOSIS fired up, and motored noisily along later in the afternoon parade, 75 years after she was put away as too slow. The faster boat is now long gone.

Jim Norris' collection of old news clippings and photos of those long ago days was fascinating to look over on its display board alongside ATOSIS. The smiling youth of 1908, Jim's dad, sweeping all before him those long ago summers on Lake Cobbosseecontee in this classic old speedboat he built himself, living on today in the efforts of his son and grandsons to bring ATOSIS out of her time capsule and before those who can truly appreciate her. Like I said, I thought it really was winner of the "Heartwarmer of the Year Award".



Making Steel Canoes and Dinghies

Some Interesting Information on a Comparatively Cheap and Simple Method of Construction

By C.J. Pouncy *English Mechanics*
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of The Historic Canoe & Kayak Society (UK)

In 1934 I first produced light steel canoes and dinghies built of sheet metal welded together to form one piece and built without any framework whatsoever. These immediately proved satisfactory in practice, but it was found to be well nigh impossible to make neat, autogenous welds in light sheet unless they were ground down afterwards. This was impractical and I could not run the risk of a neat, light weld of insufficient strength.

I have used "Sifbronze" for some years and have found it extremely valuable in welding castings, particularly malleable castings.

In one case a butt weld was made at the base of a motorcycle steering head, uniting the malleable head casting to the steel front down tube. This is still in use and similar welds have been made on motorcycle frames and Morgan chassis where a break occurs by a lug.

This method of repair saves much time that would be taken fitting a new tube, and I dislike heating a lug twice to brazing heat. As a result of my satisfaction with the process, I decided to test it in this new direction. In the autumn of 1934 the first test was made and was immediately successful. Since then all my craft have been united by this method, and I do not anticipate any return to autogenous welding.

Details of the methods used may be of interest. Canoes are built of 24 gauge galvanized steel, dinghies of 20 gauge. The sheets are cut to shape and are grooved together in the case of bottoms, other parts are folded or jennied over to provide a double thickness at the weld. Most of these welds are butt welds, but in some cases the sheets are overlapped. Bronze is added to give a flush finish, which is very neat and requires very little attention before painting.

After welding, each seam is given two good coats of a first class aluminum paint before the entire craft is painted. Most of the bronze welding is done with oxy-coal gas. This gives a soft heat which is very suitable and makes a large saving in expense as well as having the merit of being always "on tap" with no carriage or hire charges to meet. Each seam is first tacked together every 4"-6" before welding right along. Some items are gripped in jigs and held in position for welding, and this method saves preliminary tacking.

Mention must be made of the ease in which special fittings may be added, and neatly, too. Cleats are made of mild steel rod rounded off and bent to shape and welded direct to the body of the boat. Fairleads are formed of wire and similarly fixed. Bilge keels are produced from heavy sheet, are flanged and these flanges welded every 6". Cockpit edges are sometimes folded out of the side sheet, but when the cockpit is of a curved shape the edge is made separately and welded in place.

To sum up the advantages of Sifbronzing for this particular application, I should place first the improved neatness combined with adequate strength, lower heating cost through using oxy-coal gas, ease of adding fittings, reliability in use and reliability of welds even when executed by semi-skilled welders.

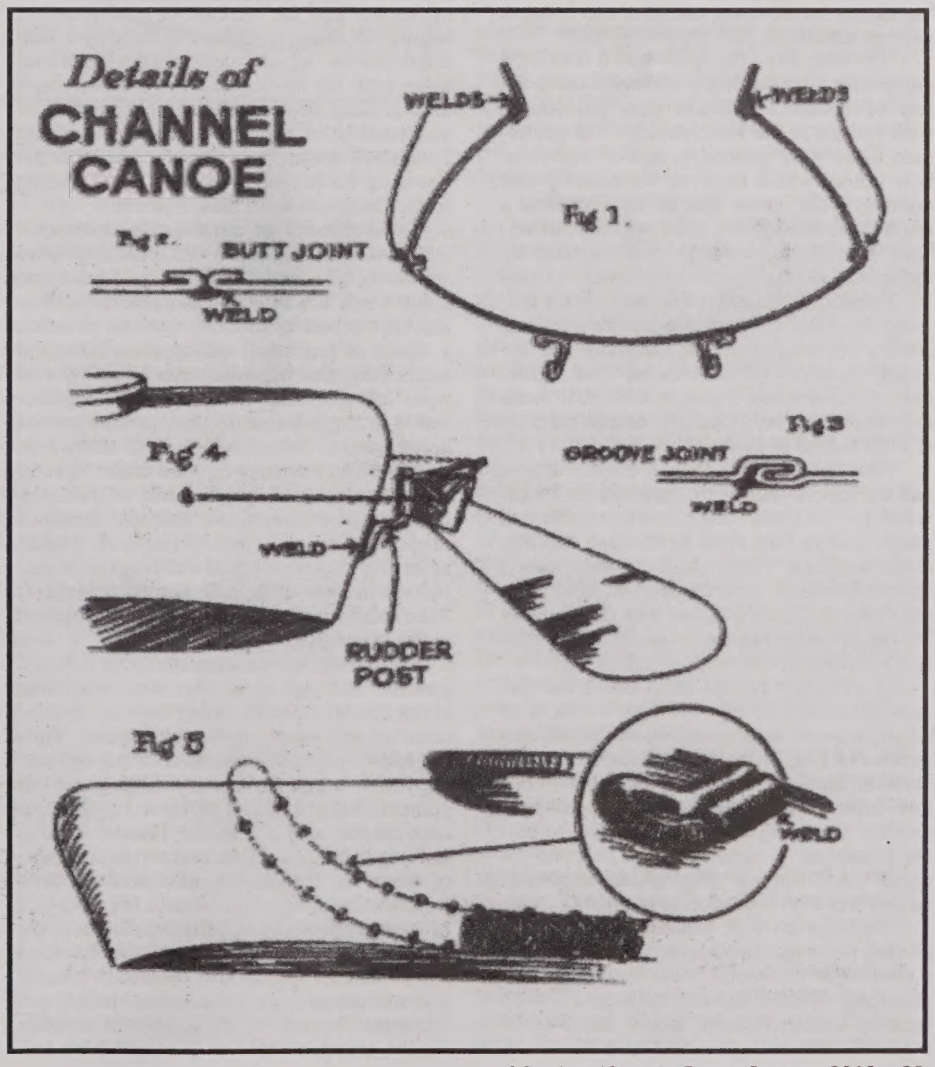
Regarding reliability of the many canoes sold and in use all over England, many very strenuously, not one case of welding failure has occurred. In one event a bilge keel was damaged by striking an obstruction at speed. The weld held, but a small piece of metal was torn right out of the bottom of the hull.

In further proof of reliability, I feel it may be of interest to mention the canoe in which, in September 1935, I made several successful demonstration trips. The first trip was round the Isle of Wight in a day, some 60 miles in half a gale. The boat was continuously wave-swept and, when going into the teeth of the weather, was often flung right up to descend with terrific force on the water with a report like a gun.

A week later the Channel was crossed from Dover to Calais and back in 12 hours, here again the trip was completed in extremely severe seas. The canoe used was a perfectly standard 12' sailing canoe fitted with a 4hp "Brittania" outboard engine dropped through a central well.

Two masts and sails were carried. Air tanks were fitted, lockers, petrol tanks, compass and tool kit completed the outfit. This canoe, as usual, was built of 24 gauge only, and was mainly welded by a boy of 16. The hull is still quite sound, although dented here and there, and will be used once more next year.

More than ever I found "Sifbronze" of value in building this. The Kapok rubbing band was secured by lacing from little wire loops welded to the hull, the engine bearer was formed of mild steel angles welded to the cockpit edges. The rudder post is also of mild steel rod and the ease of welding these heavier parts to the light sheet metal is a very great convenience.



The Modern Yacht

From *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*
June-November 1883

Submitted by Dick Winslow

On the afternoon of the 22nd of August 22, 1851, the Solent was crowded with racing craft awaiting the return of a squadron of competing yachts. The wind was decreasing, the sea-board was obscured by a ghostly haze, and through rising mist anxious eyes were trying to discover what fortune might have in store for England. Presently a salute thundered from the men-of-war, and then the royal yacht *Fairy* was seen steaming swiftly out of the smoke toward the Needles.

The Queen was on board, accompanied by various members of her family and by the officials of her household. Though all scanned the horizon anxiously, yet on the weather-beaten brow of the Rear Admiral on duty as naval aide black care sat most awfully enthroned. Suddenly a sail, unmistakable in grace of curve and of color, loomed through the haze, and then, with wings outspread like those of the fabled seabird, flew gallantly and alone up the waters of the Solent.

"Sir John," said the Queen, "what yacht is that?"

"Madam, it is the American schooner."

" And the second?"

" Madam, there is no second."

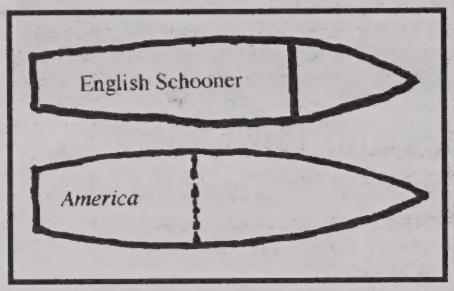
Such is the conversation reported by the chroniclers of that day. History fails to relate if Sir John and the defeated yachtsmen were ordered to the block; but this is certain, that if all England had gauged accurately the results of the race when the *America*, with lowered ensign, slipped past the royal yacht, laudates and not misereres would have filled the shipyards of the kingdom. It was, indeed, a genuine victory for *America*, but what was better, it gave an impetus to yachting everywhere.

In those days the sport was a restricted enjoyment, and English yachtsmen sat at the feet of marine Gamaliels who had fought with Nelson at the Nile; choleric old gentlemen these were generally, and of that Benbow school which believed seamanship was nothing if not naval, that he who handled a frigate was master of a yawl, and that all science of ship construction was rounded by the aphorism that there was nothing to equal "cod's head and mackerel's tail," and a bellying sail to drive them. Hence the fine long hollow entrance, the easy sections and the beamy afterbody of the *America* were squalls they could not luff through, though in truth the model was only cod's head and mackerel's tail turned endwise.

But they were too much for the elders, and the legend tells us that one murky southwesterly Saturday night, after unlimited grogs, and just an eight bells were striking, mine ancients, laden with models, stood spectrally out of their clubhouses, and tacking down the landing stairs, beat up solemnly for the pilotless narrows which lead to Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors go.

Fortunately for the adoption of the theories illustrated by the *America*, a boat is so largely a question of environment that the exigencies of English yachting did not arrest the reaction. Had our schooner been of the shallow centreboard type, nothing might have resulted, but being deep, fast, safe, and roomy, the conservative mind accepted her, and for some years English shipbuilders contented themselves with reproducing her lines.

Not that her type was new either here or abroad, for in our own country Steers had built a number of successful boats based upon the principles which afterward made the *America* famous; and in Europe, among the Swedes especially, the true path had been discerned,



and the wave-line theories which she illustrated had been adopted long before her day. As early as 1848 the *Mosquito*, an iron boat, forty tons in measurement, and of beautiful proportions, was designed in England; and novel and successful as she was at that time, she would be today a notable example of the long hollow bow and cycloidal design to which so many of the yachts of this decade are primarily indebted for their success.

It was about this period also that English ship-building had navigation laws which enabled ships to be bought in any market; the adoption of our models and the employment of our clippers; the improvement made in their design by tentative processes, and the growth of commerce; the larger knowledge of the sea. and the increase of wealth and of leisure, all these combined to develop a ship construction which demanded something more both for trading and for pleasure craft than a blind dependence upon precedent or an unshaken faith in rule-of-thumb modeling. Free ships meant many ships, and with the necessity for the best vessels the attainments of the designers went hand in hand.

Old theories of naval architecture were found to be delusions, old practices were shown to be snares, until finally there came a day when it was not treasonable to believe that the success of the *America* was so much a matter of hull plan, sail fit, mast rake, and seamanship that improvements in body forms were still possible. She was not altogether suited to English theories, nor to the rigorous necessities of British waters, and many new and intelligent departures were made. Smaller boats were needed and the rule of measurement adopted, combined with the demands made by the rocky coast of England, flanked as it is by long stretches of outlying shoals and by treacherous sands, and pierced with rivers filled with swirling tides and eddies, resulted in the adoption of a new type.

Yachting had become the great national pastime and the men who were knocking about stormy seas in strong breezes wanted comfort and safety more than speed. Then the sport differentiated and cruising and racing yachts became necessary. To permit a fair competition a standard of classification was adopted for, at the best, the Thames Rule is nothing more. To arrive at the relative value of boats the length was measured on deck from the fore-part of the stem to the after-part of the sternpost: the breadth was taken to the outside of the outer plank at the broadest part, wherever found: this measured breadth was subtracted from the measured length and this last result was multiplied by the breadth: finally, this product was multiplied by half the breadth, the assumed value of the depth and the result was divided by 94. The divisor 94 was chosen with reference to the carrying power of the ships in tons of dead-weight, and was length for tonnage and the assumption that forty per cent of the displacement went to weight of hull, and sixty percent to carrying power.

All this collected in the shape of a formula would read this way, L and B representing length and breadth: Tonnage = (L-B) xB/2x/94, or to make it plain with a practical example, assume a yacht 102 feet in measured length and 21 feet in measured breadth, then her tonnage by Thames measurement would be: (102-21)x21x2$^1/_2$/94 =190 tons.

Depth was always taken equal to one-half the breadth, owing to the difficulty of measuring it directly, structural arrangements interfering. Now a larger boat being better than a small one for speed, the advantages of sailing a big craft on the allowance of a small one resulted in decreasing beam and increasing depth; this gave advantages both ways, until finally a point of jockeying was reached when some of the rated ten-tonners were really over twenty-two tons in displacement, and in ballast alone carried as much as fourteen tons of lead.

The penalty affixed to beam as compared with length naturally induced designers to avail themselves of a large weight of ballast stowed low down in order to secure great sail-carrying power on long vessels with small beam and with little nominal tonnage, until finally the English racing machine became curiously like to the Chinese toy which vibrates upon a ball of lead, and under all circumstances salaams its toppling mandarin into a vertical position. Briefly stated, however, the rule, with all its disadvantages, produced a boat that was practically uncapsizable.

This restriction upon beam hampered the naval architect in the development of body forms. though it gave a type which was fast, roomy, handy and in all weathers safe. and which, in light airs and in any sea, or in rough waters and strong breezes was faster than the low free-boarded, shallow. beamy boats to which we pinned our faith.

But the development has in some cases been carried too far, for finding under their rules that extreme types give extreme speed, a class of racing machines has been developed which has so diminished general entries that last year the forty tonners, *Anasona* and *Sleuth-Hound* carried off most of the prizes, the former winning, out of thirty-five starts, twenty eight first prizes and one second prize, amounting in money to £1,590. Whatever may be said, extreme boats will not do for cruising and hence the man who can own but one boat and chooses comfort, safety and speed as well, cannot hope to compete with knife-edges or with skimming-dishes which are designed purely and simply for racing purposes.

Radical as is the English development, it has been a gradual one and tracing the descent of the cutter through fifty odd years, the survival and growth of depth, the decrease of beam and the increase of free-board are found in an ultimate cutter known as the *Chittywee*.

In the mean time we have done nothing of which to boast, either in novelty of idea, or in loyalty to a type which proved itself the best thirty odd years since, for our development has been mainly in the direction pointed out as that best fitted to river sailing. Our cruisings have been in shallow waters which fringe shores akin in the yacht-

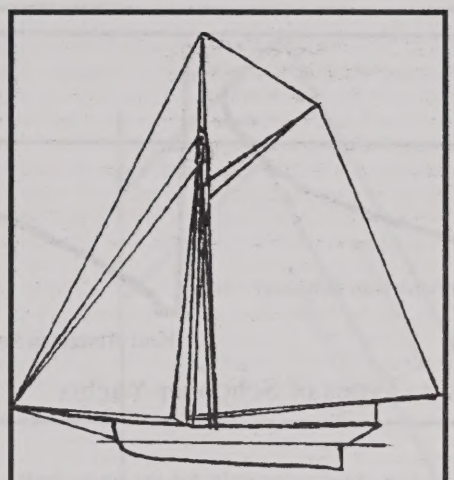
ing season to those of lotus-lands; under our lee there have always been ports of refuge: our indulgence in the sport has rarely been more than the relaxation of summer days when commercial affairs were stagnant; and our regattas have been more often drifting matches than those keen struggles for mastery when a yacht flies over blue water with a bone in her teeth and with a rattling song ringing out from weather shrouds as taught as harp-strings. A run outside was a rare event and even now, though here and there our radius has been lengthened, the typical summer work is narrowed by the same old circle, day runs, local handicaps, fortnight cruises to the eastward and, in exceptional occasions, ocean races which glow in paragraphs and flame in spread heads of newspapers thankful for something new.

And the cause of this has been the ambition to obtain extreme speed under special conditions. Of the three elements, speed, safety and comfort, speed has been the insatiable Joss to whom we have tossed coppers, burned fireworks and poured libations innumerable; for while it counted as two amongst moderate devotees who were satisfied with an occasional trophy, to the extreme mug-hunters it meant all three. For our waters in ordinary and inside weather we did get the speediest boats in the world, though our racing lacked the heroic character found abroad, we have, in extraordinary or normal outside weather especially in the smaller craft, lagged in the race.

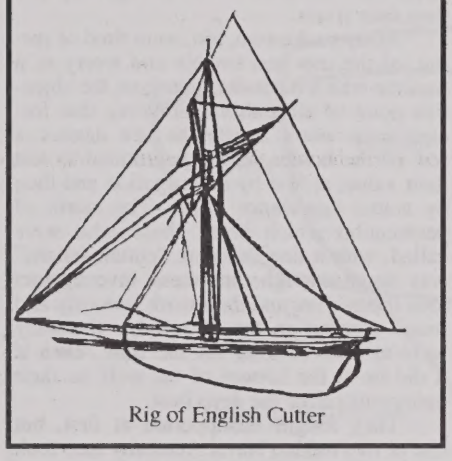
Thanks to a few yachtsmen fond of venturesome voyages, the chapter of skimming dishes has been here and there punctuated with deeper boats and keels have so much increased in number, or rather have so much taken anew the lines of old development we had abandoned, that this class, which in 1866 made but fifteen percent of the New York Squadron's list, now includes over fifty percent; and, better still, in all the boats of any size building, two keels are being laid down to every centre-board designed. Why we should have persisted in a path which common reasoning showed to be faulty seems strange enough when it is recalled that the value of deep boats was taught so thoroughly thirty-seven years ago.

It was in this wise. Among the papers of the New York Yacht Club there is a brief record reciting the struggle between the *Maria* and the *Coquette*. Both were lying off the club-house at Hoboken, and on the evening of the 9th of October, 1846, the owner of the latter was tempted over a mess dinner into matching his yacht, for a purse of $1,000 in a twenty-five mile race to leeward and return against the former, then the most famous centre-board sloop in the world. The *Coquette* hailed from Boston, and was 66 feet in length, 19 feet in beam, and 8 feet in depth. The *Maria* was 92 feet in length, 26½ feet in beam. and 8 feet in depth; her main-boom was 95 feet long and she spread a total lower-sail area of 7,890 square feet, 5,790 in her mainsail, and 2,100 in her single jib.

The log of the race reads: "Morning overcast, cloudy and cool, with strong breezes from N and E. At 11a.m. both boats started from the Fairway Buoy in Gedney's Channel for the yacht *Northern Light*, anchored as a stake-boat off the Woodlands. The *Maria* carried a double-reefed mainsail and the jib with the bonnet off ; the *Coquette* started with all lower sails. On the run to the S and E, the *Maria* led by 5:30: but on the



Rig of American Sloop



Rig of English Cutter

return to windward, the *Coquette* overhauled and passed her handsomely, rounding the upper stake-boat a winner by 4:40."

Not quite apropos de bottes, but as a pinpoint in the history of the sport, this recalls the famous race in 1661 when Charles II and his brother, the Duke of York, sailed from Greenwich to Gravesend, the first regular match on record. The reporter quaintly tells us, " The King lost it going, the winds being contrary, but saved stakes in returning, his Majesty sometimes steering himself." Let us salute respectfully the memory of the Merry Monarch, first of modern Corinthians and congratulate him upon a victory over that pseudo-sailor who lost his kingdom under the same circumstances of a free wind and a flowing sea.

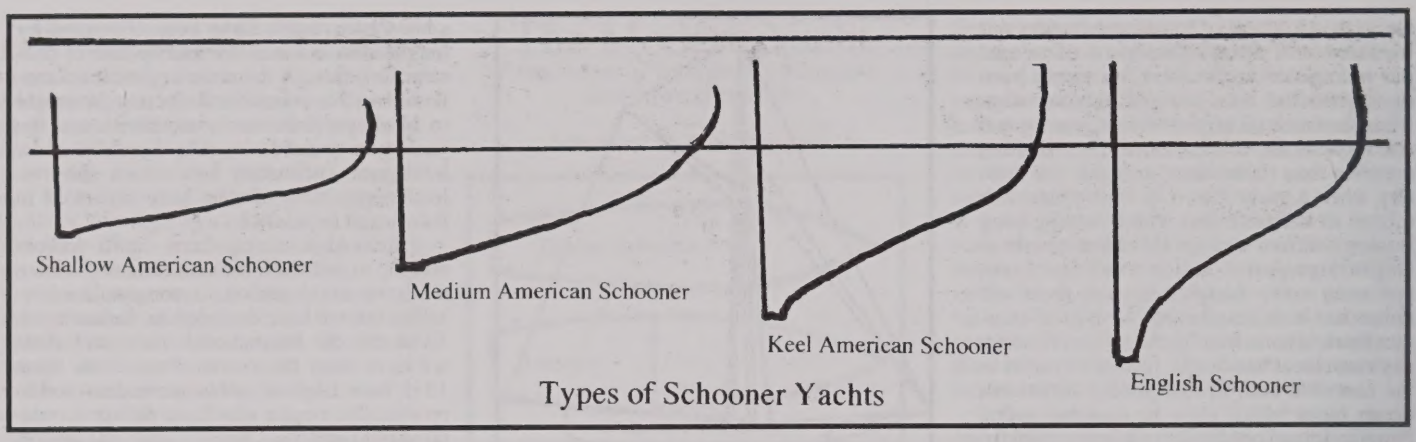
Keels, however, fell into disfavor, as did outside ballast, this new idea having been employed forty years ago in American waters, indeed still later, for early in the fifties a 26-foot sloop carried upon her keel a canoe-shaped mass of metal, through which the centre-board worked. Our national type finally resolved itself into a boat which was admirably suited for a run from Hoboken to the lightship, and as yachting with us was a new form of dissipation, we were contented with victories of which catboats might be ashamed. Still we persisted in our ideas, until finally we arrived at a point where the divergence from the English system was radical. We believed in great beam for sail-carrying power; little depth, to avoid what we believed to be resistance, and iron ballast stowed inboard. To show how great has been our separation from England, the data of famous yachts are grouped in a table; so far as possible these vessels have been compared by length of load water-line and by date of construction, though there are apparent anomalies here. No scientific deduction is sought to be drawn from the comparisons and the yachts are put side by side simply to show intelligent yachtsmen how much the two leading yachting nations have separated in theory and in practice.

Looked at merely from results without seeking to find the causes which underlie them we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that we have designed the fastest boats, for in all the international trials save three we have been the victors. Four times since 1851 have English yachtsmen endeavored to recover that trophy which we are apt so mistakenly to call the Queen's Cup, and always in vain, first on the 8th of August, 1870, when the *Cambria* came in eighth out of a fleet of sixteen; next in the October race of 1871 when the *Livonia* was in five races beaten four times, twice by the *Columbia* and twice by the *Sappho*, the former having lost the third of the series owing to an accident; then, on the 11th of August, 1876, when the Canadian yacht *Countess of Dufferin*, built on American lines, was shown by the *Madelaine* that a stern chase is a long one; and finally, two years ago, on the 10th of November, 1881, when the *Mischief* beat the *Atlanta*.

In the ocean races the *Cambria* outsailed the *Dauntless*. These trials, however, so far as speed goes do not prove much, navigation, good judgment, and luck being of more avail than relative body forms. The yachts left Queenstown on the 4th of July, 1870, and almost immediately parted company. The former took a high northern route, and sailed 3,025 miles; the latter tried a middle passage and sailed 2,982 miles, the differences at the finish being forty-three miles in distance and one hour and forty minutes in time, all in favor of the *Cambria*.

About our centennial year yachting gave evidence of a new departure. With increasing leisure, more money and a higher appreciation of the mental and physical value of the sport, there came a desire for blue-water cruising and for longer voyages. These begot a taste for the sea life; and as rough water and moderate gales taught the deficiencies of our boats, a demand was created for vessels with hard-weather qualities. Then, again, with a larger knowledge of the sea was born a craving for some personal control over its exigencies, and many owners determined to be not only something more than passengers, but to become captains of their own craft. With such practical knowledge it would free them from an unmanly servitude to the ignorance or cupidity of sailing-masters. Hence safer, more sea-worthy yachts were required both for pleasure and for schools of experience and though many large vessels were built, the popular taste for the sport was made evident in the increase of smaller boats.

Fortunately the size of a yacht is not in a direct ratio to the ardor of the genuine sailor, and the best-managed boat and the keenest yachtsman will be found most often where the owner skippers for himself. And fortunately, too, among us there is such a class. These men had all the enthusiasm which would lead them with good vessels to attempt cruises on blue water, for, having tested their personal capacity within tide boundaries, they wished to essay the dangers of the open sea. They knew that on the British coast, in fair weather or in foul, diminutive



Types of Schooner Yachts

three-tonners with two or three souls, all told, on board, were cruising in perfect safety, while at home, in boats of the same length, it required the skill of a Cook and the courage of a Columbus to attempt in anything but moderate weather the run between the ports which lie upon our Eastern sea-board.

Then, too, the cutter began to prove its value; for one day, off Cape Cod, the *Vindex*, "that old tank," as she was called, beat in the open the big schooner *Dreadnaught*, both being reefed down. There was no harbor to run into, and the yachts had to fight it out in stormy waters; and when the test came the smaller and deeper boat outpointed and outsailed, with a roaring, turbulent wake, her overshadowing competitor. Other victories followed, not so much of speed, but of comparative yachting values, until finally the ten tonner Scotch cutter *Madge* beat under our own conditions, the boats we selected to compete. Even granting that our allowances were insufficient, she proved herself under restraint the fastest yacht, and showed at least that a knife-edged craft with wide keel, low sail, initial heel, and outside lead could defeat our own type in our own waters.

Where, then, was the fault? Was it in type, construction, or seamanship?

So far as the experience of the coasting trade went, it was claimed that centre-board boats were not only faster but safer than keels, as they showed a less percentage of wreckages. Close examination, however, proved that the losses of keel boats were due mainly to strandings and not to founderings; and this seemed reasonable enough when it was recalled that the low-hanging boards of the beamy type were so many sounding-machines giving that warning of imminent danger which the keel boats received only when they were bedded in the shallows. But in bad weather the centre-board coasters, like spinsters' cats, were forced to scurry into the nearest haven of refuge. while the sturdy keelers stood valorously for the open, bade defiance to Hatteras and Bermuda, and year in and year out made better average voyages than their rivals.

Many yachtsmen, too, were tired of racing, of the cost and trouble and worry of a pastime which made the stake boat the objective point of all ambition. Finding that foreign boats would satisfy the new desires, a few of the bolder spirits determined to test their value, at first by investigation and then by actual experience afloat. The storm of persecution which befell those who were called, with a fine derision, "cuttah fellahs" was fierce enough, but these investigators took themselves and their work seriously and found comfort in the knowledge that they were at least seeking for the truth, even if it did lie at the bottom of the well, as their opponents called the deep boat.

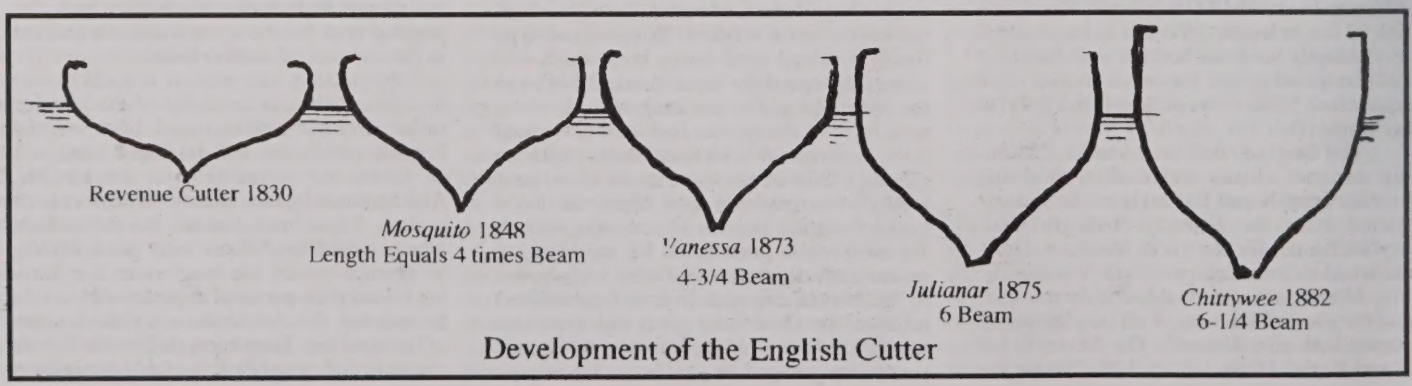
They fought unsupported at first, but one or two trained Naval Academy men took up the question and presently the newspapers grew coldly scientific over the argument of types and severely logical disquisitions chilled the unlearned one and befogged him until, like M. Jourdan, he found he had been talking prose all his life. But logic did not avail always, nor was the temperate mind persistently opposed and at times the critics fell foul of each other with wordy belaying-pins, and instead of barking as jovial sea-dogs should, they bit as savagely as philosophers struggling over a question of evolution. And they have not ceased yet, though already there are echoes to the strife.

The discussion did good, and the new ideas, like all truths disagreeable to swallow, fell into the time-honored lines, first derision, happily over, except with the hopelessly unregenerate; next doubt, where many of us now sport with Amaryllis in the shade and with the tangles of Neaera's hair; and finally, if one can read the signs intelligently, acceptance. At any rate, a taste for investigation has been developed, and a knowledge of general principles has become wider spread, until now in every type we may look for a future of better ships, since science mans the jib halyards and art sways the temper of the ardent helm.

There is room for each type, and in our waters there will always be the shallow, the compromise, and the deep boat; though, fairly gauged, in the last seems to lie, for all-round work, the hope of every man to whom yachting is "a little more than tennis and a little less than love" as some unhonored poet sings. The extremists of both sides went too far, as they always will; but in the end fair-minded men rejected the assertion that any type carried to its ultimate development possesses essentially all the best qualities and accepted as an underlying truth that the solution was a question of selection based upon the intention of the yachtsman.

It is claimed in England that famous racing boats make the best cruisers; that the *Jullanar*, for example, with a length of six times beam, is as good a cruiser as she is a racer and that even greater proportions would give a better class of vessel: but these lack the imprimatur of the highest authority; and there, as here, it is believed to be impossible to combine all the requirements in the greatest degree in any one boat, or equally to satisfy all the variant demands made upon it by sky and sea.

In other words, the tendency of modern thought in the direction of specialties is as apparent here as it is in all the other problems this century has tried to solve, and it is agreed that a yachtsman who proposes to build must first declare the intention with which he takes up the sport. If he means speed, he must state under what conditions of racing and in what weather he hopes to compete, for two days out of three the deep boat will beat the shallow craft, though on that third essay the moderate wind and weather may make the lat-



Development of the English Cutter

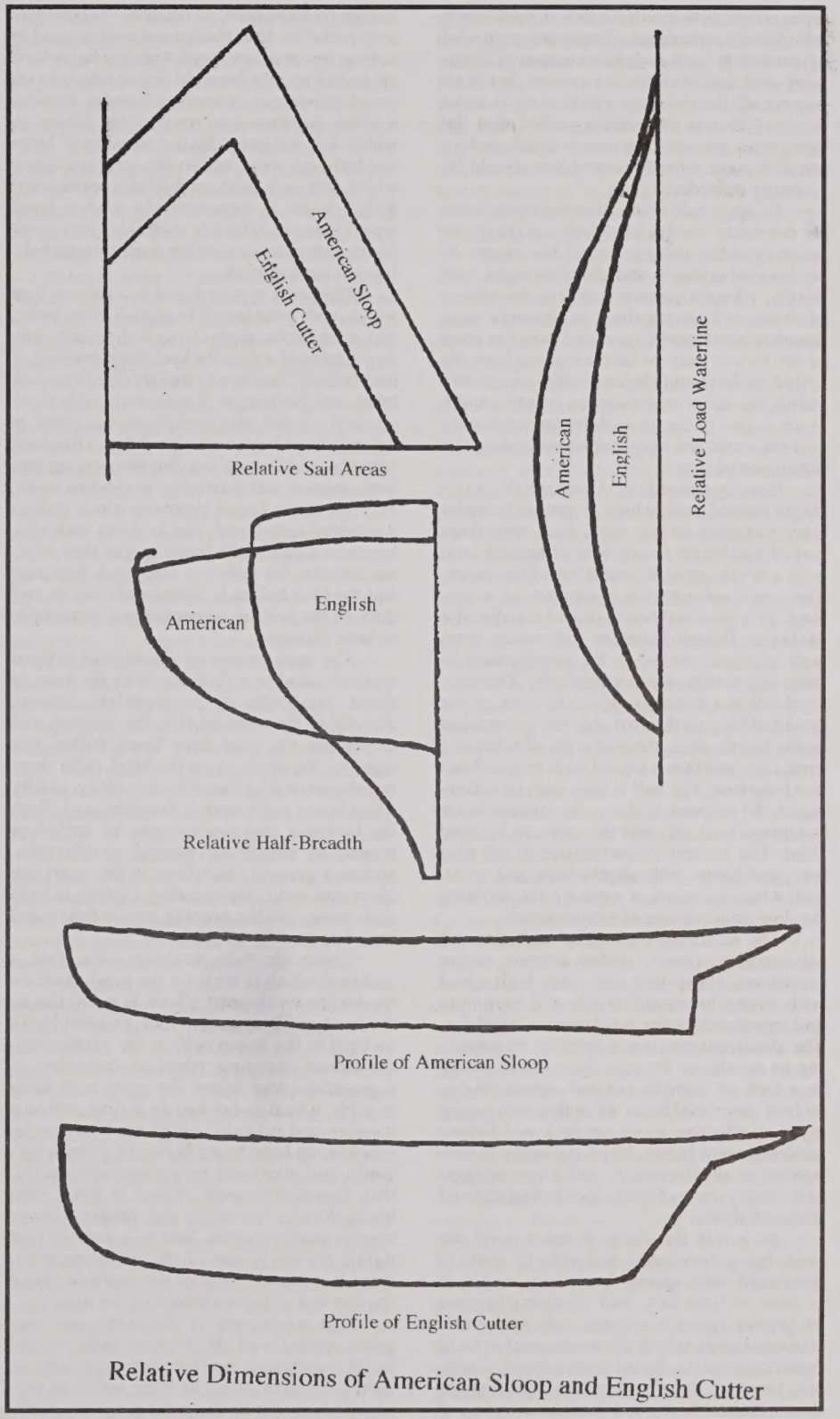
ter speedier. If he mean cruising, where and when, for where the deep boat would mock the seas and winds, the beamy shallow yacht would seriously sigh for sea anchors or for the haven blessed with calm. The time is over when racing and cruising qualities could be found in any one boat to an equally high class may compete with class, type with type, but to expect a boat to be eminently successful in both, when such mere racing-machines exist under each system, is as hopeless as to believe that a blooded race-horse trained down to the limits of fineness will be able to carry a dragoon through all the hard knocks of a cavalry campaign.

All this is recognized in England, and it is an outspoken regret that the extreme racers have decreased the number of competitive entries, as the expense of the first construction of such a boat, and the cost of maintenance of craft and crew, exclude all but a privileged class of yachtsmen, The same conditions, slightly differentiated, which led to the formation of the first Corinthian Club at Bristol, are appearing now; and notwithstanding the advantages given to English boats by the Thames Rule and despite the dislike of yachtsmen to change their customs, the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain has introduced a new rule of allowances which is designed to check the present tendencies toward greater length, to narrower beam and to heavier ballast in yachts of different classes.

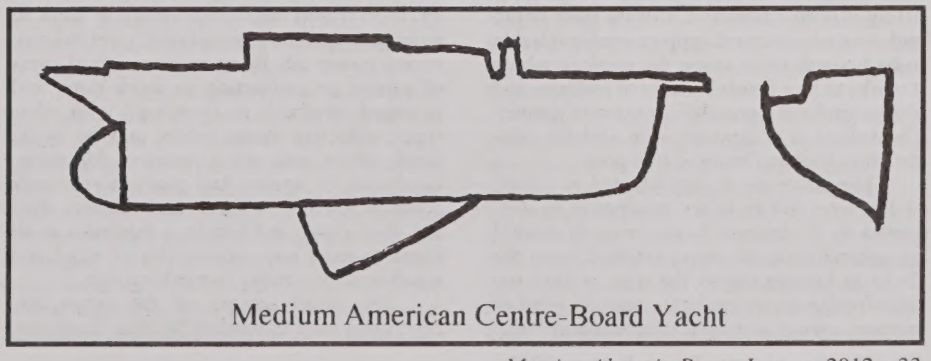
What, then, is wanted is a boat that will stand up to her work and at the same time will have such range of stability as to be uncapsizable; with speed under the greatest number of conditions; with ability to fetch to windward and to run free; and such speed under both that she will neither founder by sluggishness nor be broached to and sunk by lack of way. Her spars should break not, neither should they buckle, and the rigging should be able to defy equally the first blast of a sudden squall and the persistent hammerings of a steady gale ; her sails should be large enough to drive her to the utmost limit of speed which is her birthright, and beyond which no boat may go, and yet be so proportioned to pace and to work that the larger share of the living room and of the money expenditure need not be given to the berthing and the pay of heavy crews; she should possess such handiness of rig that either in racing or in cruising she will be ready for any squall and snug for any gale before either can overtake her; and her safety should be so pronounced that if blown offshore or denied a port for other reasons, the people on board may turn in with the hope of seeing day again.

The hull should be as rigid as a girder and with ballast so chosen and disposed as to obtain safety, speed and comfort from the maximum weight with the minimum volume. To live in the between-decks should be something more than a kennel and something better than a vault, and above and below there should he room for working ship, for storage and for healthy quarters; and finally there should be somewhere a decent refuge from those days of rain and of tempest, when cold winds howl and angry seas sweep the forecastle, even as they sometimes kiss the lee cat-heads of bluff-bowed liners butting into icy waves in midwinter runs across the Western Ocean.

Unfortunately this boat is nowhere afloat, though many of these thing are claimed by the believers in each of the three



Relative Dimensions of American Sloop and English Cutter



Medium American Centre-Board Yacht

types which now divide American yachtsmen into hostile squadrons. There are points of agreement in each and the extremes of skimming-dish and of cutter se touchent. but in no one are all the elements mingled so as to let us say, "This is the perfect yacht." But the three types are certainly not co-equal, and we are at a point where the problem should be seriously considered.

To approach it intelligently three steps are necessary. First. a knowledge of the types: secondly, what practice afloat has shown to be their advantages and disadvantages: and thirdly, wherein science explains the causes of these and. reconciling its formula with thumb rules of modeling shows how the good of the former may be increased and how the evil of the latter may be corrected. Accurately stated, the difference between a cutter and a sloop is one of rig, though by common consent the terms are now employed to describe difference of type.

Broadly defined, an American sloop is a single-masted craft which is generally under sixty feet long on the water line, with three feet of this length to one foot of breadth, and with a depth equal to one-third of the beam. The spars consist of a mainmast, of a topmast, of a standing bowsprit and usually of a jib-boom, though there are differences from both of these, owing to the employment in latter-day sloops of cutter headsails. The principal sail is a mainsail, which is short on the head and long on the foot, this last being laced to the boom; next, there is a jib of relatively great size, and then a topsail with narrow head and long foot. The hull is low, with little freeboard, the entrance is sharp, the greatest beam is carried well aft, and the stern is full and short. The general characteristics of the type are great beam, little depth, large sail areas. and, when necessary, a capacity for doubling the draught by means of a centreboard.

The advantages are great stiffness and sail-carrying power under certain racing conditions, cheap first cost, very high speed with strong lower-sail winds and easy seas and in smooth water handiness of working. The disadvantages are a liability to capsizing in squalls or through inattention, owing to a lack of stability beyond certain angles of heel, unreliability in stays in rough water, want of effective room on deck and below, hardness upon helms, large sail areas in proportion to displacement, and disproportionately heavy crews for the speed obtained and the work done.

As a rule the sloop is not a good sea boat, being leewardly, and able to work to windward only against long, easy swells; it is slow in light airs, and in strong breezes its greater speed is secured only under certain conditions which are not normal even in American waters. As the centre-board is usually lowered, there is greater actual draught than with keel boats, and though the option of lifting it is an advantage, still its great depth and want of structural support render it liable to be twisted, often cause the trunk in which it works to be a fruitful source of leakage. and always make it a possible element of danger. The ballast is commonly iron and the construction is cheap because it is poor.

The sloop rig is not adapted to yachts of fair size, and in heavy weather is so dangerous as to demand large crews to control its unhandiness; the water retained upon the decks in heeling shows the type to have too little freeboard; in moderate seas its want of support, owing to a light displacement being bullied by large sails, so deadens the headway as to make the bout plunge and wallow; and in sailing free it is apt, even with the helm hard up, to luff up into the wind and to take seas on board which may cause it to founder. In wear a sloop is expensive, because the strains to which it is subjected by the pressure of large and lofty sail areas, and by the great resistance which acts on a light, unskillfully constructed body, render it comparatively a short-lived type. However, after this usefulness as a yacht has departed, it is suited for more prosaic fishing and trading work.

The cutter type is found in a narrow boat which, with great length in proportion to beam, and great depth relatively to both, carries low down, inboard and on the keel, large amounts of lead ballast. The stem is straight, the stern-post rakes, and the draught of water forward is about one-half of that aft. Amidships the cutter is rather full and bold, with a low bilge, a fine long entrance, and a sharp run, this last curving into high quarters and narrowing in modern boats, as a rule into a fantail overhang which ends in a moulded arch-board. The keel is a wide timber more a part of the frame proper than a spinal column; the rabbet is near the lower edge and the lead ballast is bolted vertically to and through the keel by numerous gun-metal bolts of large diameter.

The spars consist of a short mast stepped vertically and at a distance from the bow of about four-tenths of the waterline; leading directly to the stem-head is the forestay and to prevent the mast from being pulled forward by the strain upon the head-sails, there is a runner or purchase which is set up taut by a tackle at a point next to the stern-post. Both the bowsprit and topmast can be reefed or housed by simple mechanical contrivances, and as a general classification the spars are short and stout, the standing rigging is light and strong, and the running gear in heavy and well disposed.

There are four working sails; first a mainsail which is wide on the head, short on the luff or on the part which is made fast to the mast and long on the foot, this last being secured to the boom only at the extremities, the canvas sweeping, when not distended, in a graceful curve below the spar; next there is a jib, which is hooked to a ring, called a traveler, and is hauled out to the bowsprit by a tackle, its head being hoisted by chain halyards, and afterward set up taut by a tackle: then comes a foresail, which is fitted with hanks to the fore-stay; and finally a large square-headed topsail, bent to a yard and set flying, the lower part of the luff being afterward laced to the foot of the topmast above the cap and to the doublings of the mast.

The advantages of the cutter are: seagoing qualities of the highest order; speed in all winds and weather, and especially in light airs and in strong breezes; safety so pronounced, owing to the great range of stability, as to forbid capsizing; ability to work to windward under all conditions; great maneuvering power due to momentum; small areas of canvas in proportion to work done and to speed obtained, as compared with other types; effective room below and on deck; small crews and good quarters for them; handiness of rigging and gear; more nearly equal efficiency as races and cruisers than any their class; and finally, a readiness at all times to meet any vicissitudes of wind and weather under racing or working rigs.

The disadvantages of the cutter are, first, great cost; excessive heeling; large permanent draught of water; and in moderate weather and seas, owing to a lack of initial stability until large angles are reached diminished speed as compared with the sloop type. The life of a racing cutter is limited; and as it can not be very well utilized afterward for pilot or fishing boats, its value depreciates so fast that yachtsmen are deterred from building. The lead ballast employed is expensive, but the greater utilization of this metal for yachts makes this excessive factor of less importance in the comparative scale.

Compared with a sloop of the same size, the cutter has more room; indeed, measured by relative sail areas necessary to drive equal displacements, there is over forty per cent advantage in favor of the cutter. The excessive beam of the sloop amidships does not add proportionately to the room, for there is a great waste in the shallow wings, mid the centre-board is as a wall between friendly nations; the forecastle of the sloop is a den compared with the light, roomy quarters of the cutter, and in the run the shallow flat floor denies the state-room which is always found in the deep, narrow craft.

This is a vexed question; and one upon which disputants will not agree; but it has been approached carefully, and after comparisons and measurements there seems no doubt that boat for boat, there is more available, effective room in the cutter than in the sloop. Whether this room gives increased comfort is purely a personal question. being vehemently asserted and denied by the partisans of each type, though, after all, this depends largely upon the character of the work expected of the yacht. The yachtsman who intends to limit his cruising to smooth water and to good weather will get room and comfort in a shallow boat with raised coach roof, but if be wishes to go outside and be prepared for any emergencies, his chances for comfort are better in the flush-decked high free-boarded well-ventilated deep boat.

Besides differences of type there are marked differences of construction. A cutter is generally built in the most substantial manner, because of the work the designer promises it will do. It is constructed of hard wood and fastened from keel to rail with copper bolts driven through and clinched. The outer underwater skin is coppered and inboard it is so thoroughly finished that the boat is as tight as a bottle and during its life needs few repairs. The rigging is especially noteworthy as compared with our flimsy outfit: there are special brands of steel wire for the shrouds and stays. and the setting up at the mast-heads and at the gunwales is such as to merit encomiums for the strength and the neatness obtained and the waste obviated. There are patent blocks and anchors. and everywhere good wholesome iron-work. Fourteen sails constitute the canvas outfit, all of a grade of Irish linen which is lighter and stancher than the cotton duck we pride ourselves so much upon.

The defects in our construction are not due to American mechanics, but to the parsimony of owners and to the greed of builders and it is a rare thing to find a yacht that will satisfy the demands made upon it. The average American boat is badly built, and is filled with cheap fastenings and defective iron-work; the rigging is unseamanlike and lubberly, and the numerous accidents met with in racing and cruising prove the necessity of the radical reforms which a few designers and builders an trying to institute.

Abroad, yachting is a more serious thing than with us and it is only natural to expect that the problem has been attacked more earnestly there. The demands of general naval construction have resulted in giving England better ship-building yards and a larger corps of skilled naval architects than we have; for, with a few notable exceptions, our reliance has always rested upon men who bear the same relation to educated designers that herb doctors do to licentiates of the great schools. Sometimes the unlearned healer cures, and sometimes the trained physician kills, but if pallida Mors were heard galloping toward us, and we had a voice in the matter is there a doubt that we would prefer science to "yarbs"?

In the same way the man who whittles a model upon lines which his experience teaches, and not upon principles which his grasp of scientific facts asserts, may often obtain a first class ship, but more often he may not; and, on the other hand, while it is admitted that naval architecture is not as yet an exact science and that it is possible that the man who constructs upon mathematical principles may occasionally fail, still he is nearly sure to have his floating body and his paper ship agree and to start at least equal with the other as to the chances for speed.

Yet with the peculiar antagonism in human nature to book learning, the scientific man is generally berated as a theorizer and the rule-of-thumb modeler is hailed effusively as one "who knows about his business." Practice, even pure and simple, is to be honored, but crass ignorance of the underlying principles is no more practice than house building is architecture; and if Quince the Joiner happens to succeed where Michael Angelo fails, then is the smug carpenter praised unduly, and then too is the value of scientific thought belittled, notwithstanding that in fifty trials Quince is likely to be wrong forty-nine and a half times. If those who doubt science will apply the same tests they demand in their own professions, they will perhaps see how illogical their positions are.

Every yachtsman knows how often boats when launched fail to take the lines laid down for them and this even with craft designed by practical men with trained eyes and large experience. It is a matter of common rumor that a notable yacht when put in the water last summer was sixteen inches out amidships and thirteen inches out forward. and that the unexpected dozen tons of extra ballast cost her owner over fifteen hundred dollars. Pure science no more than pure practice makes the ideal designer, but experience and capacity for accurate observation, coupled with mathematical skill, come nearest to the production of this genus. Not long since a very clever constructor cast aside as useless all but his formulae and his draughting-board, but after a short experience he was found hard at work in his studio perfecting his ship from the drawing on paper and the shaded model in his hand. And this is as it should be.

In this narration of the actual facts as they exist in the two types there is much that will be denied by the partisans of the sloop, but theory bears out the results gained in practice: and if the scope and purpose of this article permitted, it would not be difficult to show mathematically that each system practically does exactly what theory says it must. If this be so, then the scientific designers are certainly the better equipped for the work in hand, and however much preconceived ideas may conflict with principles, fair-minded men should at least give their exponents a dispassionate hearing.

This is hardly a place to enter into a discussion of scientific terms but a few prevalent heresies may be stated. There is, for example, a common belief that a body moving in water meets with a resistance proportional to its depth of immersion. This is a fallacy. Depth has no effect upon resistance, nor has the increase of density in water ever influenced the speed of any ship, for the accretion is only one-twentieth at a depth of 6,000 feet, that is, at a distance from the surface of over a mile. Nor is water more difficult to push aside as the depth increases, for water is practically incompressible and, surface disturbances apart, the quantity and weight displaced are the same at all depths and at any speed.

Hence the resistance offered by water to the motion of a ship propelled by sails is divided into three classes; frictional, eddy-making, and wave-making. The first is due to the resistance of the particles of water gliding over the ship's bottom, and is in a direct ratio to the area and roughness of the immersed section of the vessel. In light winds and at low velocities nearly the whole resistance met with by vessels sailing at five or six knots speed is due to this surface friction; and, in competitive sailing, extent and quality of surface friction, and the power representing stability are undoubtedly the main elements upon which success depends. Eddy and wave-making resistances are those parts of the total opposition to headway which are most influenced by the forms and proportions of boats. With great beam comes great initial stability up to certain defined angles of heel, and with depth and low centres of gravity is found that range of stability which is a maximum at fifty-six degrees of inclination. Freeboard gives both initial stability and range of stability, and even with those who believe in skimming dishes there is an acceptance of the truth that more free-board or height of deck, not of bulwark, above the water-line must be secured.

The shallow, beamy boat is faster in moderate weather because of its greater initial stability; this gives great sail carrying power and enables the yacht at the same time to stand up on lines which do not force it to drag the deck through the water. In light weather there is not enough propelling force utilized to overcome the resistance of the boat, and in heavy weather the sail areas must be so much reduced, owing to a want of great range of stability and to the slight hold the light-displacement craft has upon the water that all headway is speedily lost. Then, again, in light airs with low speed wave-making resistance does not exist, and the main opposition to be overcome is skin friction; hence the greater the momentum of a vessel in proportion to wetted surface, the better it will hold the speed acquired and, in light winds, therefore, the successful boat should be sought not in the combination of the least weight and the smallest draught, but in the greatest weight clothed in the form having the smallest area of skin in proportion to weight.

Theory demonstrated this some years ago, but it was doubted on this side of the water until in the cruise of the New York squadron last year the cutter *Oriva* made it apparent to all who cared to see. Later in the year came the Seawanhaka races, instituted to test the relative values of sloops and cutters. Until then it was confidently claimed that fast boats must sail over the water, because depth meant resistance; that outside ballast was a hindrance and made boats logy; that a light displacement could be more easily moved through the water than a heavy one; that, to carry sail, beam was a necessity; that two jibs for racing were less effective than one; that cutters roll more and are wetter than sloops; and that lofty narrow sails and short gaffs are better than low wide sails with long gaffs and foot curving free. All this mathematics had declared to be false, and when practice confirmed the dictum of theory, the cutter became an established fact.

Some who recognize the truth of the new ideas have sought the ideal boat in a compromise between the two types. but no one of these has yet proved itself in all essentials equal to an extreme boat of the other systems of construction.

To anticipate a reasonable criticism it may be declared that there is no desire to prove that yachting is necessarily sea-going, nor that the sport requires with us the same rigorous attention to safety as on the stormy coast of England. It is an accepted law that each country or each variant section of the sea-board produce the boat best suited for its environment, and whatever enthusiasts may believe, our type will not disappear. For certain waters in special weather and in ports with shallow entrances it is a speedy and most useful craft. For short runs in summer within land-penned rivers or in harbors and sounds, it will, under a modified form, hold its place for years. and under its own conditions it will be unsurpassed for sped. But it is not the best all around boat, and where the best general results under the greatest number of circumstances are desired the deep boat, whether cutter or simple keel, must be employed or else the tendencies of the times have been misread.

For sea-work there is no doubt that the cutter is the best boat, not any special cutter, for the proportions of a boat vary with its size, and to declare ex-cathedra that in any vessel so many lengths to beam, or such displacements and sail areas make the ideal craft, is an absurdity. In small yachts, whether single-handed or intended for three or four persons, it is the best type. There is no greater abomination than the cat-rigged boat, and youngsters who are learning to sail their ships could not have a more dangerous school. In *The Canoe and Flying Proa*, Alden wisely and wittily declares that "in the estimation of persons familiar with boating who do not desire to die early the cat-boat has three serious faults; a liability to capsize, to be swamped, and to sink when a sufficiently large hole in made in her. The last fault she possesses in common with all other civilized vessels, but to the first two she is peculiarly prone."

On the New England coast and in California centre-board boats are built deeper, many keels are afloat, and cutters and yawls are increasing in number; the broad boat, low in the water, is giving place to a deeper, less beamy craft with higher sides and lead ballast stowed low down; and everywhere the cutter rig, both for racing and for cruising, is growing in favor.

And this is certain, that however much intelligent yachtsmen may disagree upon the question of types, there is a consensus of opinion that there should be improvements in rig and construction; that the days of unseamanlike spars, sails, and gear and of flimsy soft-wood hulls, are over and that the carefully built boat is the cheapest in the end.

The committee of the New York Yacht Club has this summer adopted a standard of

measurement based upon twice the length measured on the water-line from the forward side of the stem to the stern plus the square root of the sail area in square feet, the result divided by three. In yachts of normal type the square root of the sail area expressed in feet is about equal to the length on the water-line and compared with the latter indicates a difference from the normal type in the direction of increased or diminished sail area, taxing heavily rigged yachts, letting the ordinary type go free, and favoring the light-rigged craft.

The division by three is used to approximate the figures to the actual length of the boat, so as to facilitate the use of the ordinary tables for time allowance, and to provide figures convenient for the purpose of comparison and registry. The rule is based upon the theories that any system which taxed either breadth, depth, or bulk, each by itself, would favor or foster an opposite quality, that length is the principal element for speed, and that ability to carry sail comes next. Therefore it was concluded that length in some form, modified by sail area in some form, should be adopted. It remains to be seen whether this new departure will be followed by the other American clubs.

If some such fair measurement rule prove acceptable, so that boats may race upon actual and not upon fictitious values and the different squadrons can meet and compete upon equal terms, then will our yachting take again that hold upon national interest which made it twenty-five years since the pride and boast of American sailors everywhere.

Rig	Name	Nation	Built	Waterline	Depth	Beam	Draught	Tonnage
Schooner	*Sappho (a)*	United States	1867	119.4	9.6	27.4	12.8'	232.0
Schooner	*Guinevere (b)*	England	1868	121.0	13.3	23.0	12.0'	297.0
Schooner	*Mohawk (c)*	United States	1875	121.0	9.4	30.4	6'/31"	346.0
Schooner	*America (d)*	United States	1851	90.6	9.3	22.6	11.6	150.0
Schooner	*Sea Belle (e)*	England	1874	90.5	11.6	18.9	12.0	155.0
Schooner	*Intrepid (f)*	United States	1878	100.7	11.8	24.0	11.6	270.0
Schooner	*Cambria (g)*	England	1868	100.0	11.6	20.5	12.4	167.0
Schooner	*Dreadnaught*	United States	1871	101.1	9.9	24.0	11.0	285.0
Yawl	*Jullanar*	England	1875	100.0	13.1	16.8	13.8	158.0
Schooner	*Estelle*	United States	1874	80.0	6.6	22.6	6.6'/15"	103.6
Cutter	*Kriemhilda*	England	1872	79.3	11.1	17.3	12.3	115.0
Sloop	*Vixen (h)*	United States	1871	44.1	5.6	16.0	4.5'/10.6"	37.9
Cutter	*Vanessa*	England	1873	47.0	8.2	9.8	7.8	28.5
Sloop	*Coming (i)*	United States	1869	57.0	5.5	20.3	5.0'/15"	54.5
Cat Boat	*Cohill*	United States	1878	17.8	2.9	8.6	2.0'/3.6"	-----
Sloop	*Heathen Chinee*	England	1876	18.0	4.9	7.0	4.2	3.5

(a) American Keel (b) English Keel (c) American Centre-Board (d) Old Type Keel (e) New Type Keel (f) Same General Type (g) Same General Type (h) Medium Sloop (i) Extreme Sloop.

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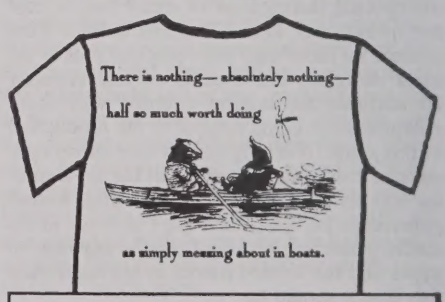

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A MANUAL FOR SMALL YACHTS

BY

Commander R. D. GRAHAM, R.N.

AND

J. E. H. TEW, A.M.I.N.A.

SECOND EDITION

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
LONDON AND GLASGOW

II

CONSTRUCTION

In a yacht, the length of her life and her strength depend largely on the skill of the builder, and the quality of the materials which he uses in her construction. One may have a yacht with heavy planking and heavy timbers, but if they are not properly put together, the yacht will not be as strong as one with properly fastened lighter scantlings.

In building a yacht, the various stages are more or less as follows (each builder has his own ideas regarding the order in which they are done):

1. The essential lines are laid down full size on the mould loft floor. The drawings on the floor show the profile and sheer, with the size of the sternpost, keel, stem, and deadwood marked thereon. The other important full-sized drawing is the " body plan ", which shows the frame sections and the sections of the keel, so that the rabet moulds may be made.

2. " Moulds " or " templates " are then made from these lines, so that the shape may easily be transferred to the actual timber of which the yacht is to be built.

3. The ballast keel, if one is fitted, must have a pattern made for it, the shape being " lifted " from the loft floor. It may either be solid or planked up.

4. The stem, wood keel, deadwood, sternpost, are cut to shape and put together.

5. The backbone is now set up on blocks, the keel being well shored down on the blocks from above.

6. When the frame moulds or grown frames have been made, they should be fixed in position, the heels of the frames being checked into the keel. Ribbands are now run round the frames or moulds from stem to stern, to keep the frames in position.

7. The steamed timbers are now put in, being bent inside the ribbands, and temporarily fixed to them.

8. If wooden floors are being used, they are frequently put in now.

9. The vessel is then planked up.

10. Wrought iron floors are fitted.

11. Plank fastenings are clenched up.

12. The frame moulds are removed.

13. The shelf and bilge stringers are put in.

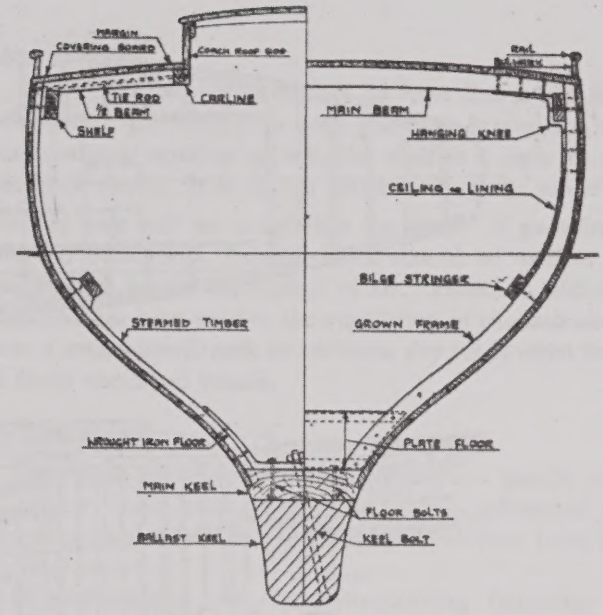

Fig. 13.—Terms used in yacht construction

14. The beams and carlines are fixed, the former usually being dovetailed into the shelf, and through-bolted or screwed.

15. Lodging knees, hanging knees, and any packing between shelf and deck are fitted.

16. Skylights and coach roof are put in place.

17. Decks are now laid.

18. The hull and decks are caulked.

19. The joiner work and internal fittings, which have already been made in the shop, are now fixed in position.

20. Deck fittings are fitted.

21. During construction, the priming coats of paint are put on. The finishing coats should now be added.

22. The vessel is moved out of the building shed.

23. The mast is stepped and the rigging fitted.

24. The vessel is now ready to launch.

Below are given tables of the scantlings or sizes of the main items in a yacht. These approximate closely to the Lloyd's requirements for the construction of wooden vessels.

5-TONNER

Dimensions: L. 26′ × B. 7′ 5″ × D. 4′ 5″

Planking,	⅞″.
Deck planking,	¾″.
Keel,	3½″ moulded × 7″ sided.
Deck shelf,	4″ × 1½″.
Bilge stringers,	3½″ × 1½″.
Stem,	3½″ × 3½″ at head and heel.
Sternpost,	3½″ moulded.
Rudder head,	3½″ dia., pintles ⅞″ dia.
Grown frames only,	1⅝″ sided × 1⅜″ moulded at heel to 1⅜″ sided × 1¼″ moulded at head. Spaced 11½″ centre to centre.
Steamed timbers only,	1⅜″ moulded × 1¼″ sided. Spaced 6½″ centre to centre.

Grown frames with 2 bent timbers between each pair.

Grown frames as above spaced 22″ centre to centre, bent timbers 1¼″ × 1⅛″ equally spaced between.

Floors on grown frames. Wrought iron 1⅜″ × ½″ at

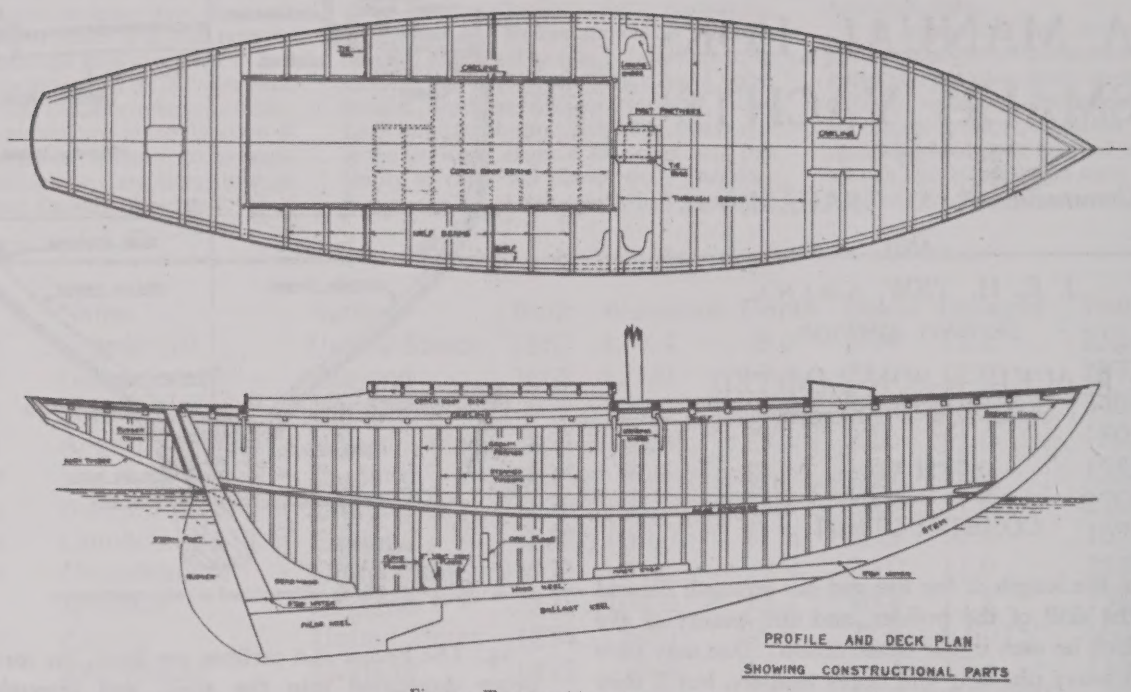

Fig. 12.—Terms used in yacht construction

throat to 1″ × ⅜″ at point. Arms 15″ long.

Floors on bent timbers. Wrought iron 1″ × ½″ at throat to ¾″ × ⅜″ at point. Arms 11″ long.

Through beams spaced approximately 12″ centre to centre. 1⅞″ moulded × 1⅝″ sided at middle of beam to 1⅝″ × 1⅝″ at ends of beam.

Half beams may be considerably smaller and beams at each end may be reduced in size.

10-Tonner

Dimensions: L. 33′ × B. 9′ × D. 5′ 6″

Planking,	1 1/16″
Deck planking,	1″.
Keel,	4″ moulded × 9″ sided.
Deck shelf,	4¾″ × 1¾″.
Bilge stringer,	4″ × 1½″.
Stem,	4″ × 4″ at head and heel.
Sternpost,	4″ moulded.
Rudder head,	4″ dia., 1″ pintles.
Grown frames only,	2″ sided × 2⅝″ moulded at heel to 2″ sided × 1⅝″ moulded at head, spaced 13″ centre to centre.
Steamed timbers only,	1¾″ moulded × 1½″ sided, spaced 7″ centre to centre.

Grown frames with 2 bent timbers between each pair.

Grown frames as above spaced 23″ centre to centre. Bent timbers 1½″ × 1¼″ spaced equally between.

Floors on grown frames. Wrought iron 1⅝″ × ¾″ at throat to 1¼″ × ½″ at point. Arms 20″ long.

Floors on bent timbers. Wrought iron 1¼″ × ⅝″ at throat to ¾″ × ⅜″ at point. Arms 12″ long.

Through beams spaced approximately 13″ centre to centre. 2¾″ × 1⅞″ at middle of beam to 1⅞″ × 1⅞″ at ends.

Half beams may be considerably smaller and beams at each end may be reduced in size.

15-Tonner

Dimensions: L. 44′ × B. 10′ 5″ × D. 6′ 3″

Planking,	1 3/16″.
Deck planking,	1⅛″.
Keel,	4½″ moulded × 10″ sided.
Deck shelf,	5½″ × 2″.
Bilge stringers,	4½″ × 1¾″.
Stem,	4½″ × 4½″ at head to 4½″ × 4½″ at heel.
Sternpost,	4½″ × 4½″ sided.
Rudder head,	4⅝″ dia., 1¼″ pintles.
Grown frames only,	2¾″ sided × 3½″ moulded at heel to 2¾″ sided × 2¼″ moulded at head, spaced 14½″ centre to centre.

Grown frames with 2 bent timbers between each pair.

Grown frames as above spaced 25″ centre to centre. Bent timbers 1⅞″ × 1½″ spaced equally between.

Floors on grown frames. Wrought iron 2⅛″ × 1″ at throat to 1½″ × ½″ at point. Arms 23″ long.

Floors on bent timbers. Wrought iron 1⅝″ × 11/16″ at throat to ⅞″ × 7/16″ at point. Arms 15″ long.

Through beams 2⅝″ × 2½″ at middle of beam to 2½″ × 2½″ at ends.

Half beams may be considerably smaller and beams at each end may be reduced in size.

The above tables apply to sailing or auxiliary yachts. The scantlings for motor yachts of the same length and beam may be reduced 10 per cent or more, depending on the draft.

(1) *Planking.*

There are various methods of planking used in yacht building, the following being the most common:

1. Clinker, or clench, the plank edges being lapped over each other. This method is used for fishing boats, small yachts, and dinghies, and makes for great strength, although only light frames or timbers are required. No caulking is necessary.

2. Carvel, most commonly used for yacht construction. The planks are laid flush, edge to edge, and the seams are caulked and stopped.

3. Double diagonal, used for motor-boats, lifeboats, and some Admiralty pinnaces. The inner planking is laid from keel to gunwale, and the outer planking may be laid fore and aft, or from keel to gunwale in the opposite direction to the inner skin. Unbleached calico, well-oiled or varnished, is usually inserted between the two skins. The planking and framing may be very light, and the result is exceptionally strong.

(2) *Framing.*

Frames are made of wood or steel angles. In yachts up to eight tons, steamed timbers of oak or American elm in conjunction with one or two bilge stringers, can be strongly recommended. Larger vessels usually have grown or sawn oak frames (in some cases, double), with two bent timbers between each pair. Owing to the difficulty of getting seasoned timber, however, many yachts, even quite small ones, have recently been built with steel angle frames instead of grown oak. Steel frames have been used for many years by builders on the Continent. These are very satisfactory, provided they are properly painted and looked after.

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(3) *Floors.*

The word "floor", used in connexion with a yacht, refers to those members which tie together the lower ends of the frames or timbers across the wood keel.

These floors may be of wood, wrought iron, or steel plates and angles. In the case of wood floors, these are fastened alongside the frames through the planking, and sometimes side-fastened through the frames as well. They are held to the keel by through bolts. The plate floors are side-fastened to the frames, and the wrought floors are fastened through the frames and planking. The floors should be adequate in number. They should not be more than 2′ 6″ apart, and at least one floor should be fitted on each grown frame. Lack of sufficient floors usually means that leaks will appear sooner or later at the garboards, and in way of the mast. This is particularly so if there is a heavy ballast keel.

(4) *Limber Holes.*

The purpose of these holes, which penetrate through the floors or gutters worked on the top of the wood keel, is to allow any water lying in the bottom to drain to the pump sump. Often they are inadequate in size, and soon get blocked up. A good plan is to get a length of brass lavatory chain, and to thread it through the limbers from stem to stern, putting a toggle on each end. The chain can then be pulled occasionally to clear the holes.

(5) *Ventilation.*

The ventilation of the hull is an item that is apt to be overlooked, particularly in such places as behind the deck shelf, where, as often as not, the shelf is a tight fit with the deck above. It is always better to keep the top of the shelf at least half an inch below the deck. If panelling is run up to the deck, suitable holes should be worked into the framing for the circulation of air. Yachts in which no attention has been paid to the ventilation of the hull always have a musty smell, and, in addition, dry rot is often found in badly ventilated vessels.

(6) *Fastenings.*

Fastenings employed in yacht-building are usually made of copper, naval brass, manganese bronze, galvanized iron and steel, and of late many new alloys have been tried with varying success.

In small yachts, the frame-to-planking fastenings are usually copper boat nails clinched over roves. These fastenings, in larger yachts, are clinched copper nails in steamed timbers, and bronze or copper "dumps" (nails) or bolts in grown frames. The hood ends (plank ends on stem and sternpost) are fastened with brass screws or "dumps". The stem, keel, sternpost, and deadwood are held together with brass or galvanized bolts, though in some cases copper rods clinched over washers are used.

For the floor arms, copper rods clinched over washers are also employed with bronze or galvanized iron bolts through the keel. If iron floors are used, it is more satisfactory to have galvanized bolts. With an iron ballast keel, galvanized keel bolts are used, and with a lead keel, copper or metal bolts.

If a yacht is to be copper sheathed, all the fastenings should be of copper or zinc-free bronze. Otherwise, galvanic action is likely to occur, and the heads of bolts may be completely eaten away.

Deck planks are commonly side-nailed to the beams so that the fastenings do not show, but in many modern yachts the decks are screwed to the beams and dowels fitted over the screw heads. This latter method makes a much stronger job, but some people say it spoils the appearance of the decks.

(7) *Beams.*

The beam ends are carefully dovetailed, fitted into the shelf, and secured there by bolts or screws. Where there are breaks in the deck for coachroof, skylights, hatches, &c., the beams are increased in size at each end of the openings, and vertical and horizontal knees, known as hanging and lodging knees, are fitted.

Fore and aft carlines are fitted in way of deck openings. These are dovetailed into the beams, and the inboard ends of the half beams are then dovetailed into the carlines. Two or three tie rods are fitted alongside the half beams, through the carline and through the vessel's side.

III

TIMBER

In yacht-building a great variety of timber is used, and practical experience is needed to choose suitable wood. It is most important that the timber used, with the exception of one or two woods, should be well seasoned. It must also be free from sapwood, knots, and shakes, and, in consequence, the price of timber for yacht-building is high.

Teak.

There are many varieties of this wood, but " Moulmain " or Rangoon teak is the best. It is a very hard and heavy wood, and has a natural oil which preserves it from rot. Marine worms seldom, if ever, attack it, and it is able to withstand the heat of the sun and the action of the water without much shrinkage. Under the worst conditions it is not liable to decay and, consequently, it is regarded as the best timber for a yacht where weight and cost do not matter. It may be used for deadwood, planking, shelves, stringers, deck planking, deck-houses and skylights, and for practically all parts of a yacht where grown crooks are not required. Care must be taken in working teak as it is inclined to split.

Oak.

English oak should be cut in the autumn and allowed to season for several years before being used. It should be free from all sapwood, as dry rot frequently starts from a small piece which has been left in the wood. Given the right conditions, this rot spreads with remarkable rapidity. Oak is frequently used for keels, sternpost, stem, deadwood, grown frames, steamed timbers, beams and knees of all descriptions. It is not a very suitable wood for planking except under water.

English Elm.

Elm is used extensively in yacht- and boat-building. It is a tough wood and holds fastenings well, but, if it is alternately wet and dry, it is liable to decay. The wood can only be used, therefore, for certain purposes. It is obtainable in wide, long lengths, and is thus very suitable for main keels, and for the transoms and planking of small fishing boats and dinghies. Elm should be autumn cut and used soon afterwards. It should not be seasoned.

American Elm.

This timber is whitish in colour and of a close fine grain. It is exceedingly tough and durable, and bends easily. It is difficult to pick out a good log, as often, when the logs are opened up, bad shakes are found which are not visible on the outside. American elm is used extensively for steamed timbers, garboards and underwater planking, and also for bulwark rails and cross-trees. Where exposed to the sun this timber should be kept well varnished or continually washed down, as it readily develops small shakes in which water will lie and eventually turn the timber dark grey or black.

Wych Elm.

This elm is somewhat lighter in colour and of closer and straighter grain than English elm. The timber, too, is slightly more durable than English elm, and fishing boats and dinghies are often planked with it. It is sometimes used for steamed timbers in place of American elm.

Larch.

This home-grown pine is obtainable in long lengths, and when properly seasoned is very useful to yacht- and boat-builders. It has a tendency to warp while seasoning, but if care is taken it makes excellent planking. It is not affected by fresh water. It is used for deck-beams and planking. Many ships' lifeboats are built of it, and they stand up very well to the rough treatment they receive.

Ash.

White English ash is very tough and bends easily, but it is not used very much for yacht work, as it is liable to rapid decay in enclosed spaces. Ash, however, is quite suitable for dinghy timbers, and it is used for oars, boathook handles, cross-trees, and the shells of blocks.

Mahogany.

There are numerous kinds of mahogany, many of which are used for yacht work.

Honduras mahogany is best for yacht work, and is used for planking, skylights, hatches, &c. It is, in fact, used for the same purposes as teak, although it is neither so hard nor so durable a wood.

African mahogany is put to the same uses as Honduras. It differs from the latter in that it is inclined to fracture on being bent, although the fracture may not be apparent to the eye at the time. The wood, which can be obtained in very wide boards, is extensively used for panels.

Philippine mahogany is widely used, since it is a good deal cheaper than either of the above kinds. It is light in colour, and does not have such a good appearance.

Louan mahogany is used for cheap planking for motor-boats. If it is left bright, it requires to be well varnished, as it will turn black if exposed to the weather.

Pitchpine.

Pensicola long leaf pitchpine is a very popular material for planking yachts. It has great longitudinal strength, does not bruise easily, and is very durable. It can be obtained in long lengths, and is imported in squared logs which are kept in ponds until required for use. Picking out suitable logs for yacht-building is not an easy matter. Knots may not be visible on the outside of the log, but the grain of the wood may be rather curly in places, a fact which denotes a knot under the surface. Pitchpine logs may also have what are known as " ring shakes ", which occur between the annual rings of growth. These may extend from end to end of the log and render it useless for planking. Pitch-

pine is used for planking, deck-beams, shelves, and bilge stringers, and for decks in large ships.

Oregon Pine.

This timber is often used in cheap yachts in the place of pitchpine, but it is a most treacherous material. When it is used for planking, and the vessel has been in fresh water, it is not uncommon to find the planking quite rotten in many places, particularly between wind and water. This is not always apparent on the surface, but the use of a pricker will show that the centre is quite rotten. Oregon pine makes very good spars, as it can be had in great lengths and is very free from knots.

Columbian Pine.

This is practically identical to Oregon, but has a closer grain. It is used for the same purposes as Oregon.

Yellow Pine.

This wood, which used to be shipped to this country from Canada, is now practically unobtainable. It is light in weight, could be had quite free from knots, and was thus ideal for planking small yachts and for laid decks in larger ones.

Kauri Pine.

When it became difficult to obtain yellow pine, Kauri was used as a substitute, but it, too, has become scarce in recent years. It is of a grey colour with a yellowish tinge.

Norway Spruce.

This is one of the best timbers to use for solid spars, since it is very light in weight, and at the same time has a high modulus of elasticity. It is shipped to this country as poles, with the bark left on. These poles are often perfectly straight and are left in ponds until required for use.

Californian Silver Spruce.

This timber is obtainable in long lengths absolutely free from knots and shakes. It is used extensively for built spars of all descriptions, and for shelves and stringers in racing yachts. Dinghies are often built of this wood, which has a very pleasing appearance when varnished.

Western Red Cedar.

This timber is very light in weight and has been used with success for planking and decking of yachts. Care should be taken to see that for this purpose it has not been kiln dried, as this tends to make it very brittle. It can be obtained free from knots, and has a natural oil in it which is fatal to the dry rot fungus. It is also used for internal joinery work where weight is a consideration.

Cedar.

South American red cedar is similar in appearance to mahogany. It is light in weight and is used for planking of small racing yachts, canoes and river skiffs.

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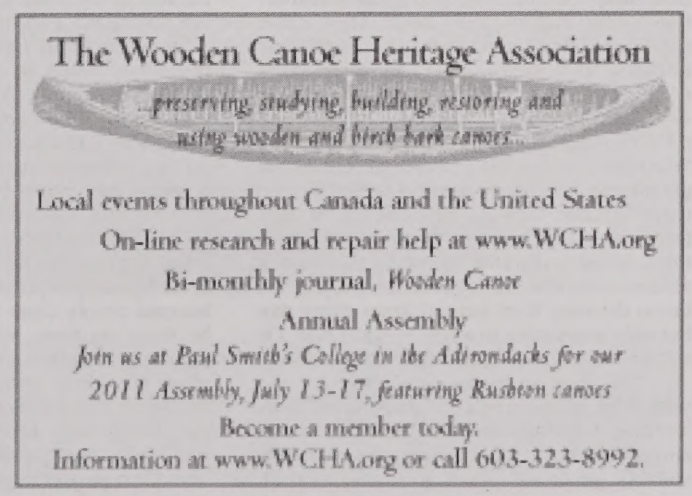
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Sixth in a Series of Articles

In the last installment, "more on crew dynamics and consequences in general to come" was promised/threatened. So here it is.

In the August issue, the first in this series of articles asked this basic question: "Project Mission: Can this craft be built by non-boat builders to adequate quality? If so, the US Navy could take the construction manual and plans overseas to help poorer nations build their own inshore patrol craft."

As you've seen, reading these reports out of the Boat Shop at Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center at 23 Harborloop in Gloucester, Massachusetts, this craft has been indeed assembled by non-boat builders, including myself. At the end of this project I will be able to claim that I can build this type of boat construction, a very narrow definition of "boat builder," but legitimate nevertheless.

Unfortunately it would be just me being able to claim this on this project. It had started out promising enough. I had sought counsel from a number of well-meaning folks on whom to hire. The City's funding mechanism required low income city residents who would benefit from acquiring this new skill set, in this case under a "green collar job creation" banner building this "low carbon" boat. And the funding had to produce three temporary positions.

With due recommendations by a local contractor (close friend of GMHC) and by GMHC staff the crew looked interesting enough with fisherman's son Matt (18), well-travelled boat painter Sarah (23) and the project foreman Jose (26) with a few years in the contracting business. All claimed to be, and seemed to be, very motivated and together we looked like a "typical" American work group with Irish, Russian, Dominican and German roots.

After a two-hour intense introductory session, tools were brought in, over the next days the shop somewhat rearranged, first materials received and then construction tables and gantries built. Then came the "Teal" skiff construction, which was intended as a warm-up to get basic skills established on a very modest but still fun scale. In those first two weeks or so I had a lot of other logistics to attend to after the "Go Ahead Now" was received once the final documents had been signed. I would not be there full time, between hopes of seeing team building emerge between the three crew with these initial tasks and following the Navy's assumptions that throughout the project I'd be on the shop floor several times every day but only amounting to a few hours at best. Or so the Navy had calculated my flat fee to be.

This was an intense challenge for all, with a lot of learning new skills, apart from working together, under distinct time pressures. To take the edge off, breaks were reasonably generous, music available through headsets or speakers, always with the harbor outside the door and big window to stretch the eyes a bit. And of course this was and is an intriguing project to be an active contributor to. And we had good light, a tight building with heat, a coffee machine.

By the third week or so I sensed an odd atmosphere on the shop floor. Divergences from the plan snuck in with gantry design altered without seeking my agreement, or Teal not having quite been built as designed by Phil and so well documented in one of Payson's first books. I decided to be there more full time than part time.

Working side by side, by the fourth week it was clear to me that things were going off the rails with accumulating instances of "yes but's," open recalcitrance to my laying out every next step, coming at different times from a different person, but with all sharing certain inappropriate assumptions about their role in the inevitable hierarchy of any such project. As someone later put it rather colloquially, "all Chiefs and no Indians." Certainly one poignant way of putting the phenomenon of any one of them coming into the shop stating that a method they had just seen on the internet was vastly superior to what we/I were doing here, or that a friend of a friend could get "cheap epoxy" or that I did not understand wood, or painting, etc. Rather astonishing from kids half my age with a fraction of exposure to tools, wood-working, life.

Mind you, my father started out his adult life as a trained carpenter, always with just enough tools around his workbench in the basement open to me since I took a first interest in my early teens, and quite supportive during my constructing of a little canoe a few years later. This project here, decades later, was based on the WEST© bible and their tech support. And most of the power tools on the shop floor were mine, with many well used. Phil had always seen the value in an ever growing range of tools, usable on the house or the various boats.

So this was really rather odd, puzzling in its various levels of absurdity and underlying aggressiveness. The matter came to a head by early April. Over the weeks it had become amply clear that Matt would never be there on time, wear protection without crankiness, learn from past mistakes, or just clean up debris; watching him take turns at sweeping the shop floor was like watching an act getting ready for YouTube. And then one fine Friday he expressed his grave misgivings about this project in general, stating flamboyantly that "without us, the project will be kaput." He was fired on the spot. Despite initially private and then public admonitions, he had not learned the simple lessons that you don't argue with your boss.

Five hours later Rosalyn was hired, came to see the project that night, studied with me on Saturday on what she'd be doing and by Monday became part of the project officially. Between jobs, she was intrigued by the project in general and was eager to earn a living again for the limited duration of this construction. As expected, she added gravitas and much needed levity by sheer life experience at 48, a solid track record of "breaking her nails" in all sorts of jobs, plus a good sense of humor.

Interestingly, she came to observe similar phenomena that had given me worries earlier. While the ejection of Matt seemed to stun the other two for a bit, they soon fell back into their approach to this job. As foreman, Jose always worked harder, with an eye on the clock and the calendar, did much of the staging grunt work, and as a worker had what it took to build this craft. But he still could not motivate Sarah to work to this project's time frame and he seemed subject to unpredictable mood swings. We were behind schedule and, until Roz showed up, he had never been able to guide the juniors towards reasonable efficiencies and constructive attitude. Finally he had let Matt talk himself out of his job, with Jose apparently agreeing with Matt's perspective.

Then by mid April one Wednesday morning at 7am I received a phone call from Jose from the city jail. He'd been stopped for speeding and arrested for driving under the influence of a controlled substance, hauling enough extra dope to warrant a charge of possession with intent to distribute. He had just come from the health club and was going home to get ready for work. Ready indeed! On the one hand the episode sounded like one of those over the top Cheech and Chong yarns of the '70s. On the other hand, getting high mid week before work did explain a lot about his mood spectrum, and did, of course, reflect a spectacular lack of respect for the project and his sponsor for this job. This episode could have ruined the project if I had not succeeded at keeping his last name out of the paper the next week when for a front page story on the project he posed tool in hand next to Sarah and Roz.

I could not fire him as well as that would have been politically a challenge as well, losing now number two of three on this public project. Quietly continuing under "innocent until proven guilty" would have to do to keep the momentum on the project. And I assumed that this bust would temper him towards "clean and sober" practices and that his gratitude would yield better job performance and perhaps even a somewhat nicer disposition.

The problem was that that "fair weather" period lasted only until he learned the cost of his legal proceedings. To build the "Legal Defense Fund" he would soon come to work so many hours that he was worth even less now than before. Then being pharmaceutically compromised had blurred his focus and effectiveness as a well-paid foreman. Now he was in withdrawal, progressively feeling the reality of this serious mistake on the public record in the age of Google and was physically overworked.

He would make more and more mistakes, each costing the project money and time, and eventually showed open unhappiness with having to correct them. After a growing series of these he afforded himself one more expression of indifference that would cost the project several man days to correct. Challenged to account for this, he walked off the job for good. Roz felt that he had been ready to leave for a good while now. That was late June.

Meanwhile, Sarah had shown signs of fatigue under the stresses inherent in any such project and the particulars of this one. She had never found a way to adapt her work pace to that required by the project. Familiar with repair and restoration, she apparently found little reward in building a boat from scratch. Thus she had actively been looking for other work. With fading performance, periodically still arguing with the boss, she had expressed her feelings in a range of ways, but finally caused identical damage to two very prominent sections on the boat without taking responsibility for this. This was too much, even for Jose! By early June she was eased out undramatically.

After Jose's departure, I would discuss these developments with a range of folks. Some said that I owned all of this due to my (presumed) lack of experience running a crew. Others were convinced that a drug-using foreman with apparently zero foreman experience was at the heart of the disintegration of this building crew. His apparent agreement with Matt's final remarks months earlier was deemed noteworthy in that this perspective had been left to grow in Matt's mind at all, and that Jose did not try to stop him then.

My assumption had been that all were of legal age and with previous workplace experience, that this was an intriguing project for which they had self selected and for which they were reasonably well paid in a nasty economy, learning a potentially valuable skill. And I had thought that respect for their sponsors would keep their heads straight. In my more or less final analysis, the problems came from the compromised foreman who never much hesitated to express his disagreements with my guiding the project in front of the juniors, thus breaking any plausible structures of respect for the boss/project leader, who had brought the project to Gloucester and had designed the boat. Crankiness by the "juniors" would be almost inevitable.

After having had our share of Dominican Merengue, we played whatever music we agreed on, came to laugh more and more between extensive exchanges on local and national politics, whatever work and noise levels allowed. I had looked forward to the barn raising-like assembly of all the pieces. Phil had always likened it to building a kit first to then assemble it into a boat. And this would have been fun. Alas, between perfectly good pieces we came to find just enough of an ugly range of mis-measured and mis-cut pieces along with problematic centerlines and crooked straights and wavy curves, and unsquare 90° corners. This turned into a serious stomach turner in its potential implications. It would take over a month first and last to find, document, repair and correct for this heretofore hidden legacy Jose had signed off on. The challenge was to understand in three dimensions the implications of these discrepancies. It would be easy to make things worse.

As the narrative and photos featured in the previous installments document, we did get a lot done. When Jose walked off the job, the bottom had just been turned over and we were dry fitting uprights. Since then Roz and I fitted chine logs, bulkheads, sheer clamps, house and cuddy sides and tops, etc.

Steadfast Roz would stay with the project until early fall when money for her position was at last spent. And then she volunteered a few hours here and there to help the project along. Her stick to it-iveness was in stark contrast with the kids half her age. And she never shied away from the physically, and thus often emotionally, demanding episodes. It did indeed take two "middle aged broads" to put this boat together.

By late summer I began putting in six days of work per week, skirting the edges of health and reason, as too much fatigue can,and did, produce mistakes. This summer had no days at the beach, sailing or motorcycling, just focus on the project, plus one day of errands and resting every week. Unlike the kids half my age, the commitment cannot waver.

Apart from periodic help by Roz, I've had help from "Hotrod" Glenn putting the keel and skegs on. Timothy worked on the seatboxes. Brian offered his laser to shoot the waterline. Schooner builder Harold Burnham comes in periodically to offer moral support between work on his new schooner *Ardelle*. And since the state is interested in laying their hands on what will eventually become their boat, several of their guys were tasked and sanded and painted much of boat with me, saving serious amounts of work. They'll be back when I need more such muscle.

So, for several months now on a typical day-by-day basis, the project is down to me, a situation neither I nor the Navy anticipated when I scheduled the year 2011 in my (optimistic/naive) mind, nor the Navy assumed when they budgeted my fixed fee.

Next issue we'll see where she is overall and take a look at her demanding bow geometry with its gate, cockpit and catheads along with a few other odds and ends.

PS: To answer the question posed upfront, yes she can be built by unskilled labor, assuming, however, that they are motivated.

Very Tiny Small Sailboats

Other than some freak size sailboat designed to set world records, the smallest sailboat that I know of that has been used for multi-day cruises, is the 8' homebuilt wooden Puddle Duck Racers (PDR). For the past few years several owners of these little boats have entered, and completed, the Texas 200, a five-day 200-mile voyage.

Here is how some of the PDR boats were provisioned for the five-day event:

Simplest were the provisions that Andrew Linn, Salem, Oregon, carried and ate for five days for two Texas 200s.

Andrew Linn's highly modified PDR that he sailed in the 2009 Texas 200.

Andrew ate five Clif Energy Bars a day, one at 6am, 10am, noon, 3pm and the last one just before reaching camp each evening. Andrew wrote me, "Clif Bars have a fair amount of nutritional content for the roughly 250 calories per bar. I also took a multivitamin and drank two quarts of Tang per day for about 160 calories per quart."

Andrew went on to say, "I've done the Texas 200 twice on this diet, and if I do the Texas 200 again, I'll do this diet again.

"My idea is that sailing itself is not too stressful, so 1250 calories per day of Clif Bars and 320 calories per day of Tang would be more than sufficient to sustain me for five days."

Clif Bar.

Simple Boat Food

By Bill Nolen

I believe I'm on firm ground if I say that most of us like to eat. It's also true that many of us don't give a lot of thought to food until we are hungry! On land it's a simple matter to satisfy those hunger pains by swinging by a Wendy's or Pizza Hut. However, when on a small sailboat it's a different matter.

When sailing or anchored in some inlet, should we be lucky enough to have a spouse or other companion, we can look at them and ask what's for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Much of the time the actual provisioning of our boats or the planning of the meals is not of much interest to us skippers... until mealtime!

I thought it might be interesting to find out what the average small sailboat skipper ate when he provisioned his boat without help... or minimum help... from a first mate.

So I tracked down some noted small boat sailors, and asked for information on the subject of their boat food. Here are some of the replies I received, broken down somewhat by the size of the sailboat.

PDR Skipper John Wright of Bastrop, Texas took a more conventional approach in his provisioning.

John Wright sailing his PDR in the 2008 Texas 200.

Here is what John carried in the boat's small storage compartments during one Texas 200: 5 cans kipper snacks (smoked herring); 1 jar peanut butter, 1 loaf whole wheat bread; a bunch of 100-calorie snacks bags; 5-pack dehydrated soup; 1 box crunchy granola bars to taste; large quantity coffee single bags; several juice cartons with straws attached; several oranges and apples.

John wrote, "I bought some little juice cartons with the straws attached, but this turned out to be a bad idea because the cartons create a lot of garage. On a boat garbage is bad!"

John also wrote, "The only really important thing was coffee... several times a day, made in the style of tea bags. I have a large porcelain steel cup that I heated with Sterno that fits a little stand made for this purpose. It is light but slow heating, especially in the wind. The dehydrated soup was heated the same way."

Sterno stove with fuel canister.

Single coffee bags.

John Wright's 2009 Texas 200 entry.

Kevin Allison of Houston, Texas, provisioned his boat with backpacking Mountain House brand dehydrated meals sold by Academy. Kevin stated he liked the beef stroganoff, chicken teriyaki and spaghetti the best.

Mountain House meals.

Kevin wrote, "I ate dehydrated backpacking meals, one in the morning and one in the evening. Each meal provided right around 500 calories. I had a small camp stove that used Magic Heat (a Sterno type jelled alcohol product). It took about 15 minutes to get the water hot enough to cook or make coffee with. That's 30 minutes of time that I had to take into account for before daybreak! Next time I'll have a true backpackers' stove that can boil water in one to three minutes.

Magic Heat Stove on fuel canister.

Magic Heat advertisement photo… it's doubtful Kevin ate that well!

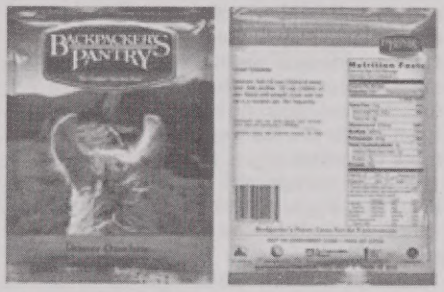
"For coffee in the mornings I used Folgers singles (teabag-like packets). I started with five gallons of water and ended up using almost ten gallons from Sunday to Friday. I had small packets of energy drink type flavorings that I would add to the water jug towards the end of the day for electrolytes and a change of taste!

"As I heated and prepared my morning meal, I would work on my day's snack bag. Into the bag went trail mix with dried fruits, beef jerky, cheese and crackers, a few chewy fruit candies and a couple of hard candies, all thrown together for easy access throughout the day.

"I would do it the same next year. I overpacked in 2009, planning for three meals a day for seven days. In the future I would plan on two meals a day for seven days. I will use a better quality camp stove that will boil water quickly so that I don't have to get up quite so early!"

Jason Nabors, of Somerset, Texas, wrote, "I started dieting in February before the Texas 200, so basically I had to watch how many calories I was eating. Some people think you want to pack on the calories while camping, and I guess if you are hiking, canoeing/kayaking, or mountain climbing this would be the case. But sitting in a boat for a week, moving a rudder and adjusting a main sheet does not require many calories. According to my diet and weight I need a lot less than 2,000 calories daily to function for a week, so this is what I did:

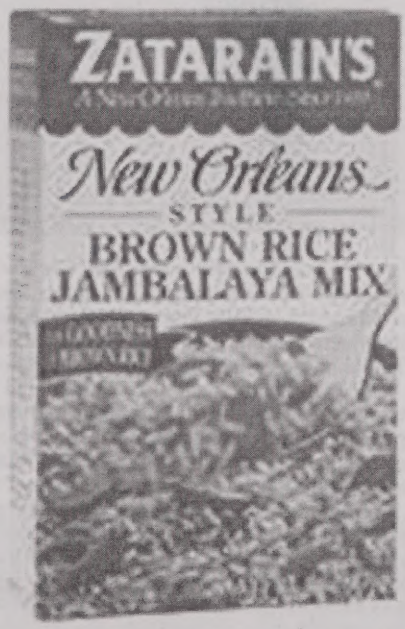
"I searched a favorite website of mine that gives a calorie count of pretty much any food item that is carried by any supermarket anywhere. I found that the lowest calorie, most portable food, was the Backpackers Pantry Meals. They are like the Mountain Home dehydrated meals. As a mater of fact, they are sold next to them in most of the Academy stores.



Backpacker's Pantry meal.

"I thought these meals would be great… until I got them home and tried one! They were bad! They are a salty mass-produced mess, as bad, if not worse than a military MRE. I scrapped the ideal of eating these meals because the last thing I wanted was to be sick on the Texas 200.t

"One day I was at my favorite camping store (aka Dollar General) and I was browsing their grocery aisle to see if I could supplement a meal or two with some of their high calorie meals. That is when I saw Zatarains Rice Meals.



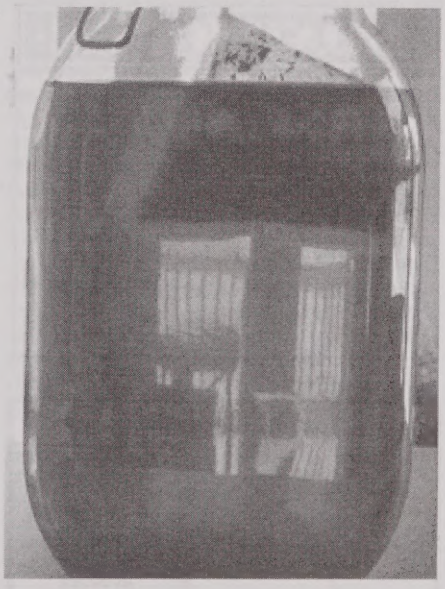
Zatarains meal.

"The Zatarains meals were 300 calories or less and they were not gourmet but leaps and bounds better than the dehydrated camping meals they had at Academy. Not to mention they were only $2 each compared to the $6 that was being charged for those crappy camping meals! I bought nine of them.

"I also bought nine Tuna Pouches (70 calories each) and nine Special K Cereal pouches (100 calories each) as well as bananas and grapefruit (about 80 calories each). To add flavor to the tuna, my wife went to gas stations that sold hot dogs and loaded up on free prepackaged condiments like relish, onions and prepackaged mayo. These worked great for lunches.

Starkist tuna.

"I brought eight gallons of water with me and I could have use another gallon. I also brought tea bags with me and would open a gallon of water and add four tea bags to the water, place the cap back on the container and let it sit in the cabin for about 30 minutes and VOILA! Fresh sun tea!



Sun Tea.

"Now, for the people who don't know, Sterno stoves won't really percolate a coffee pot. So here is what I did to make coffee. Instead of taking a coffee pot, I would take a small pot and place a permanent coffee filter in it. I would then place three tablespoons of ground coffee into the filter and add water into the pot until it was about 1/2" below the top of the coffee filter. I would then bring the water to a rolling boil, or at least close, and then remove the filter (with coffee grounds) and set the filter on top of my coffee cup and pour the water/coffee through the filter which filtered out all stray coffee grounds. Hurray! Coffee!

Coffee Filter.

"If you have room for a propane stove and coffee pot on your boat, by all means take one. But, if you are in an 8' box sailboat with limited space, multi-taskers are important. I hope this information helps."

Micro & Compact Cruisers

Many owners of Micro and Compact sailboats have made multi-day voyages in their sailboats. Here is a sample of the type of food they carry and eat.

Here are comments offered by John Stevens, Precision 23 Sailboat:

"I precook all meals and freeze them. I put the meals in Ziplock freezer bags. I boil water and put the freezer bag in the water to heat the food, the hot water is later used for coffee or tea. For ice, I freeze water bottles. As they thaw, they become my drinking water.

"I do the same with lunch meats. I leave the bread out in the cabin. I pre-measure the roast beef and cheese, put them in a Ziplock and freeze them. I take out the freezer bag in the morning and it's usually thawed by noon.

"I also use two coolers, a large cooler and a small cooler used for the first day and night. That way I don't have to open the main cooler until the second day. I keep the main cooler organized, grab the food for that day and close it! I have also used extra foam inside the main cooler to make it even more effective.

"The only meal I cook from scratch is breakfast. Eggs, pancakes (buy the "just add water" kind), breakfast meats are precooked and heated."

John Madill, owner of P-15 *Mackinac Dreamer*, had this comment about eggs for breakfast:

"Use Egg Beaters. They come in milk carton containers, pint or quart size. Freeze a pint size and you will get about three breakfasts from it. I find they taste good and they're better for you."

Westcoaster, owner of a O'Day 19 wrote, "Most of my cooking is one-pot. I often cook instant white or brown rice and before it's finished I add a can of salmon or tuna (which I buy on the coast that is locally canned). Some veggies thrown in, I like cooked pineapple... small cans of tomato sauce, etc.

"The rice makes a good base for most anything and nowadays there are pouches of cooked meat of several varieties. I have food allergies so always try to find foods "not on my list." I have never used freeze-dried anything so can't report on that.

"Once in mid Pacific on a bigger boat I baked a two layer cake for a friend's birthday. I cooked it in one of those flip over with a hinge in the middle omelet pans."

Chuck Pierce, P-19, *Aldebaran*, Beaumont, Texas, does most of the cooking on his P-19, and he wrote:

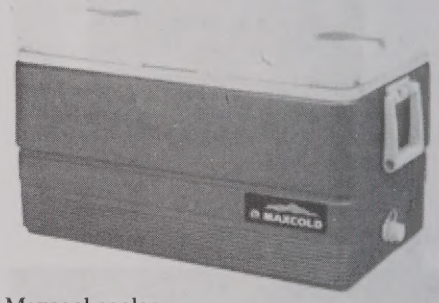
"I normally cook twice a day when we are on the boat, breakfast and dinner. For breakfast it is usually eggs and sausage, for dinner any number of things, but EVERYTHING has to be fixable in one pot or pan.

"We normally keep a day cooler and a separate one that has the food in it that gets opened only once a day. In the heat we have down here we have to buy ice every three days, a small price to pay for such luxury."

Here is one of Chuck's recipes: Sausage and Egg Wraps: Take one Teflon coated pan and a spatula, spray the frying pan with Pam, cut up two Jimmy Dean precooked sausage links (their maple flavor is good) per person into six to seven pieces each. Brown over medium high heat, then turn off burner and let stand for a minute or so. Break two eggs per person into pan containing browned sausage and scramble thoroughly. Turn burner back on and cook eggs to taste. Remove pan from heat. Warm 8" flour tortilla directly on burner (on our stove you can do this, depends upon the stove). Spoon eggs and sausage onto a tortilla and wrap! No plates, no forks. If you used enough Pam you can wipe the pan clean with a paper towel.

On the subject of ice, Ray Frechette wrote, "Block ice lasts considerably longer than cubes. Draining melt water adds considerably to number of days the ice will last as well.

"I use an Igloo Maxcool cooler rated to keep food cold five days in 90° heat. Basically it has more insulation that other lesser coolers. So much determines how long a cooler keeps ice. How full the cooler is, what temperatures foods were at when placed in the cooler, ambient air temperatures, solar gain or not and how often you enter the cooler. With our Maxcool cooler we can last five days without any bought ice.



Maxcool cooler.

"We typically cook foods we will eat at home and freeze them in day portions. We also freeze drinks in quart containers to include water and Gatorade. Our Maxcool cooler is generally packed full of frozen food. Each night before bed we pull out rations for the next day and place them in our daily duty cooler. This cooler that has stuff we want to keep cool but is not frozen. By lunch the foods are generally thawed out and the water and drinks are starting to thaw.

"Sometimes we have the prior day's drinks ready to go while the new day's are still providing cool. All in all it works well for us and the frozen cooler still has frozen stuff in it four to five days later when we get home."

No ice? Many noted sailors do quite well without ice and pack foods that need no refrigeration such as small packages of Velveeta cheese, small cans of spaghetti sauce, pasta, canned vegetables, Spam, onions, garlic, evaporated milk, flour, rice, sugar, oil, oatmeal packets, canned fish, salmon and mackerel,

Here is what Anne Westlund wrote about provisioning her West Wight Potter 15 on the weeklong voyages she makes on Lake Huron:

"On my P-15 *Peapod* I kept foods cold by using the time tested method of wet towels. I wrapped eggs, cheeses, hard fruits, vegetables, bacon and lunchmeats in wet towels that I faithfully kept wet. That package rested in the cockpit in the shade as much as possible.

"I didn't try to carry more than a few days worth of lunchmeat. Cheese rarely goes moldy and if it looked like it might, I wiped it with vinegar because wrapping it in cheesecloth soaked in vinegar keeps mold away. Usually I eat it too quickly for that to happen!

"All foods were in plastic bags with air squeezed out before wrapping in wet towels. I was able to buy smaller terry cloth towels at a Dollar Store and used those white towels (white to prevent heat gain). Even on the hottest days things stayed cool if not really cold."

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Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum News

Restoration of Navy Point Bulkhead

On November 14, ground was broken to replace the last and most exposed section of rotted bulkhead along the museum's Navy Point and Miles River shoreline. The six-month project restores more than 600 feet of bulkhead. The original wooden bulkhead was installed in 1970 and has far exceeded its expected 25-year lifetime. When repaired, the new bulkhead will correct sinkhole issues along the water's edge and reduce sediment release into the harbor after each rainfall.

The decayed wooden bulkhead will be replaced with modern, more durable vinyl sheathing that comes with a 40-year lifespan. A new finger pier and three mooring pilings, upgraded electric and water service will also be added. A living shoreline will replace rip-rap near the museum's harbor side facilities. The new living shoreline complements a recently restored wetland crossing over Fogg's Cove, which provides natural habitat and filters runoff while preserving the shoreline. The bulkhead from St Michaels' Honeymoon Bridge to the Crab Claw restaurant and along Fogg's Cove has also been recently replaced.

This new bulkhead work begins at the museum's marine railway, proceeds around the 1879 Hooper Strait Lighthouse (whose deck will be replaced) and continues around Navy Point to the Fogg's Cove side of the At Play on the Bay exhibit building. During construction, the museum's exhibit and waterfront campus will remain open, with access to the Hooper Straight Lighthouse and Navy Point restricted. CBMM remains open to visitors throughout the winter from 10am-4pm, seven days a week

Work began November 14 on the Navy Point bulkhead restoration project.—*Photo by Hunter Harris*

Apprentice for a Day

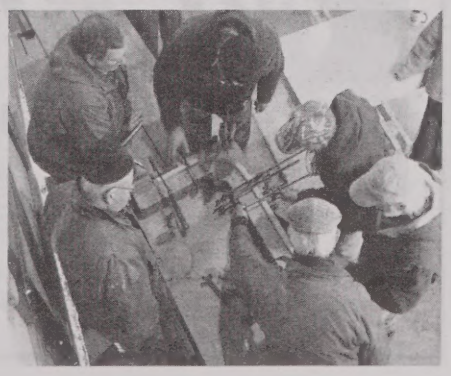
The Winter/Spring 2012 Apprentice for a Day program will take place during museum hours on Saturdays and Sundays from January 7 through May 27. Participants will be constructing a North Shore Sailing Skiff, *Miss B* Model. By constructing a boat from start to finish throughout the process, traditional Chesapeake boatbuilding techniques will be taught to participants of all skill levels under the direction of a CBMM shipwright.

Participants can be a part of the whole 21-week process, or can sign up only for specific dates. The "Journeyman's Special" package makes a great gift and includes any four days for one reduced price and can diversify the experience to include several different skills.

Individual classes are $35 for museum members and $45 for non-members. The four-day "Journeyman's Special" is $125 for members and $170 for non-members. Participants must be 16 or older, unless accompanied by an adult. Gift certificates for the holidays are also available.

To purchase a gift certificate or to register, call 410-745-2916. To download the complete Apprentice for a Day winter/spring 2012 schedule, visit www.cbmm.org/l_boatyard.htm.

Apprentice for a Day participants work together at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's boatshop to bend a steamed piece of wood for boat construction.



1931 Potomac River Dory Restoration

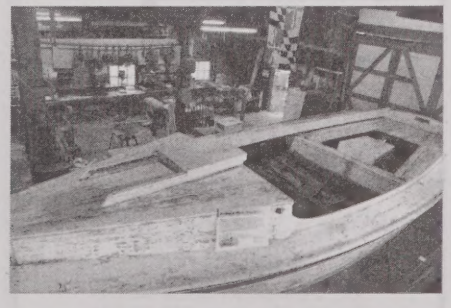
A 37'x12'7"x10½" 1931 Potomac River Dory, originally built by Francis Raymond "Peg Leg" Hayden in Banks O'Dee, Maryland, is now undergoing restoration inside the boat shop. Over the next several months, museum shipwrights, apprentices and volunteers will be working on several aspects of the boat's restoration, including replacing all bottom planks. They will also be fabricating a new forefoot piece on the stem and a new section of deadwood with the shaft alley drilled into it. Approximately 60% of the boat will also be reframed, with cosmetic upgrades and re-installation of her engine completing the project. She will be painted in traditional dory colors; green, red and yellow stripes on the lapped sheer strake with the topsides and decks painted white.

Like other Potomac River Dories, this one is planked fore and aft and the chine rises high above the waterline at her bow. Towards the bow, the sawn frames reach from the keel to the top of the side planks, stopping just short of the lapped sheer strake. Farther aft, the bottom frames are bolted to the side frames, but there is no chine log. The frames are spread at variable intervals. Her tuck stern and shield-shaped transom are typical of the Potomac River Dory. The bottom planks rise out of the water at the stern and the transom only touches the water in the center. Washboards reach back to the transom, where there is a curved seat but no decking. The boat is equipped with a six-cylinder Ford engine and two gas tanks.

Potomac River Dories were built in southern Maryland on the Potomac River and used primarily for oystering. These boats are descendants of the Black Nancy, a type of small (18'-27') and narrow Potomac River workboat dating pre-Civil War. J. Richley Delahay of Compton, Maryland, bought the boat around 1938 in a sunken condition and refitted her. Later he passed the boat on to his sons, Kenneth and Ronald, who used her for oyster tonging. Always called the "big dory," she was one of the few of her type to be refitted with wheel steering. Arthur Puchetti bought the boat in 1972 and had the cabin widened, raised and extended aft. The Calvert Marine Museum donated the boat to CBMM in 1988.

For more information about boat restoration and other projects, visit the museum in St Michaels or on line at www.cbmm.org.

This 1931 Potomac River Dory is now undergoing restoration in the boat shop.



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After nine months of hard work, flying sawdust, hundreds of trunnels, gallons of paint and sealant, miles of cotton and hemp oakum, the new gundalow under construction at the Puddle Dock Shipyard on Strawbery Banke is ready to launch.

"This will be the first wooden boat launched out of Portsmouth in nearly 30 years," remarked Executive Director Molly Bolster. "Over 300 years of shipbuilding are part of our local history and we are thrilled to continue that legacy." York, Maine, resident and Master Shipwright Paul E. Rollins, Sr, has worked with a crew of boat builders and volunteers since April to build the 64' long, 18' wide traditional wooden sailing vessel.

Additional work will be carried out onshore and on the boat through the winter to be ready for public sails next spring. The mast, when completed early next year, will stand at 20' tall with a 65' yard. Over 1,000 square feet of sail will power the new boat and, when needed, a 200hp diesel engine will help move it along the rivers. Licensed by the US Coast Guard for up to 49 passengers, the new gundalow will draw about 2½'.

In early December, the shipyard cover was dismantled to allow for the boat to be transferred from the shipyard by professional house movers to the launch site at Peirce Island. On Saturday, December 10, the public was invited to witness history in the making as the gundalow built in Portsmouth is launched into the Piscataqua River off of Peirce Island, co-sponsored by Appledore Real Estate, Piscataqua Savings Bank, RBC Wealth Management and the Portsmouth Recreation Department.

Ceremonies began at 10:30am with official remarks, followed by the naming of the new boat and the launch at 11am. The new gundalow was then towed by Steve Root, Portsmouth Harbor Towing, to Prescott Park by Sheafer Warehouse and rafted next to the gundalow *Captain Edward H. Adams*, launched 29 years ago.

Tours of both the new and vintage gundalow were available for Gundalow Company members only due to limited capacity. (To join call 603-433-9505 or enroll online at www.gundalow.org.) In-kind partners for the launching included CMA Engineers, Friends of South End, PPMTV, Portsmouth Harbor Towing, Prescott Park and Strawbery Banke.

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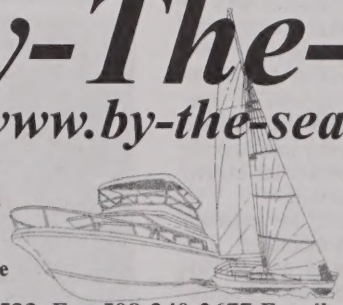

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The Apprentice

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

From the Director's Desk

By Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

This past September, The Apprenticeshop teamed up with Unity College to offer a course called "Traditions of the Sea." It was team-taught by Unity Professor Kate Miles and myself and was offered to Unity students for the first time this past semester. The course focused on three main areas; the history of sailing in Penobscot Bay, traditional boat building and seamanship.

Unity's already progressive education methods were a great fit with the Shop's model of experiential education, so students learned both in the classroom and through hands-on experience. Oar making, reading, journaling assignments and trips to maritime museums were key elements. The course culminated in a two-day sailing trip on Penobscot Bay in our traditional Apprenticeshop boats.

I drove to Unity one more time to watch the class make a final presentation to the student body about their experience. Their excitement and satisfaction in accomplishing something outside the classroom was evident, it wasn't just about finishing the class and getting a good grade. It was clear that the overnight sail was the highlight of the course and I was encouraged to see how much they had learned along the way by doing and experiencing activities, rather than just reading about them. Several of the students told me how much fun the class was and how it made them think about learning in a different way.

Overall the class was a huge success. As we plan for future years, I am excited by the potential impact The Apprenticeshop might have on a new community of young people.

See you at the Shop.

From the Shop Floor

By Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

Apprentices Alex Roderick, Drew Scott and Kit Macchi are working to restore *Monachunte* to her original glory. The boat was donated to The Apprenticeshop in 2003 and was originally built in the 1950s by the donor's late husband.

"Though she was donated eight years ago, she's actually been on the hard for nearly 30 years," says Eric Stockinger. "We've held onto her all this time because we wanted to find a buyer who would want us to restore her. She's a classic boat worthy of this level of restoration."

Every inch of the sloop was investigated and nearly every part will be touched by some level of restoration. While most of the planking and the backbone were still in good condition, the crew has replaced the garboards, floor timbers, some frames, the deck and deck beams and the centerboard and its trunk. "Probably about 50-60% of it is being replaced," notes senior apprentice Drew Scott.

In one of the first stages of the restoration, the boat's original name, *Monachunte*, was revealed. Being from Portsmouth, Rhode Island, the owners borrowed the name from the state's Native American appellation for Aquidneck Island (the island in Narraganset Bay also known as Rhode Island). The story goes that they raced her under *Monachunte* for years without winning. Suspicious that the name was the deterrent, they renamed her *Fugawee*. However, *Fugawee* didn't bring home trophies either!

Due to launch on December 16, *Monachunte* will eventually find its home in Quincy, Massachusetts, and the Squantum Yacht Club, homeport to some of her class's first interclub races back in the 1920s.

21'2" Sloop, Indian Class, designed by John G. Alden in 1921.

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Penobscot Marine Museum Places Collections Online

Free Searchable Database is a "Virtual Museum"

Penobscot Marine Museum in Searsport, Maine, has opened a "virtual museum," an online visual database to make its collections available to anyone, anywhere. Access to the database is free and no registration is required. Only a web browser is needed to view information and photographs of New England and elsewhere, many more than 100 years old. The database may be accessed via the museum's website at www.Penobscot MarineMuseum.org.

"In Penobscot Marine Museum's 75th year, we have created a new museum without walls that enables people everywhere to explore our collections for research, education or just plain fun," said Executive Director Liz Lodge. "It's an extraordinary achievement for a small regional museum, one that will boost our stature nationally and worldwide."

More than 45,000 records are online, almost 29,000 of them with photographs. The records are from six of the museum's collections of historic photographs dating from the 1880s to the 1950s. Most of the photos are of Maine scenes, but there are also images from other New England and East Coast states, China and the Caribbean. More records will be added in the coming weeks.

"Our goal is to have all of the museum's collections online," said Ben Fuller, the museum's curator. "We are almost ready to upload another 30,000 photo records with images and the museum's artifact collection will follow as time and money permit." Fuller said that the effort to place the collections online has taken a group of volunteers and staff over five years.

"A museum is no longer just a place to store and display artifacts," said Fuller. "It's a resource for gathering and distributing information and knowledge. By making our artifacts and historic records available online, Penobscot Marine Museum is providing a resource that's free and available to all." He added that the database has a feedback feature that allows users to comment on images and add information.

Collections Now Online

The Atlantic Fisherman Collection: photographs from the fishing industry's most important newspaper, from 1919 to the 1950s

The Eastern Illustrating and Publishing Co Collection: This postcard publisher, based in Belfast, Maine, took tens of thousands of photographs throughout New England and upstate New York from 1909 into the 1950s, concentrating mainly on small towns.

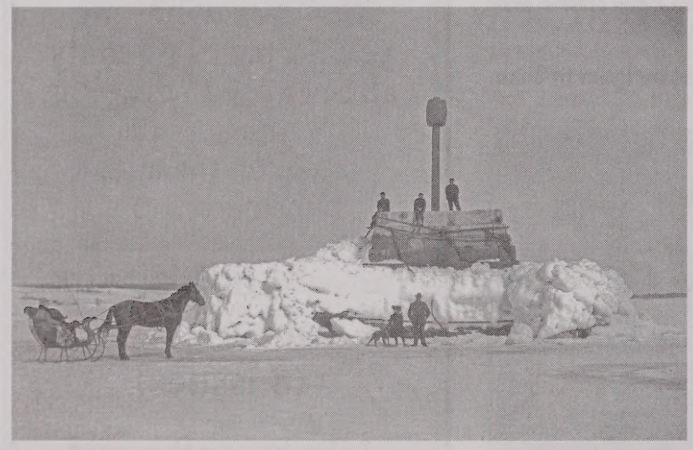
The Joanna Colcord and Ruth Montgomery collections: Two sea captains' daughters who went to sea and took hundreds of photographs documenting life on sailing ships in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

The Elmer Montgomery and Charles Coombs collections: Two photographers from the Penobscot Bay region of Maine recorded their towns and neighborhoods, including social gatherings, waterfront scenes, and architecture.

In addition to conducting research or browsing old photos for fun, users may order prints of photographic images through the website and request licensing or permission for commercial uses.

Located on US Rte 1 in Searsport, between Camden, Bangor and Bar Harbor, Penobscot Marine Museum is Maine's first and oldest maritime museum and home to outstanding collections of marine art and artifacts, small craft, ship models and historic photography. For more information, call (207) 548-2529 or visit www.Penobscot MarineMuseum.org.

Penobscot Bay doesn't often freeze over, but when it did early in the 20th century, photographer Charles Coombs went out on the ice to capture the moment.—*Photo: Coombs Collection, Penobscot Marine Museum*



Maine-based Eastern Illustrating and Pulishing sent its photographers all over New England to capture "local color" for its picture postcards, like this one, labeled "Hermit on Monhegan Island, Maine."—*Photo: Eastern Illustrating Collection, Penobscot Marine Museum*

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

As mentioned in my previous article, my "winter" project is a small (14') boat that I will work on in my garage as time, temperature and inclination permits. A while ago a friend built a 22' sailboat in his garage. When asked as to the length, he noted "that was as long as I could fit in the garage." In my case, I could also build a boat 22' long in the garage, but what I want is a lightweight craft for use around Shell Point.

The first task was obtaining the plywood for the hull. Good, 1/2" marine or exterior plywood is just not that available in my area. The alternatives were special order, a long trip to one of the suppliers in Georgia or making do with what was available. I decided to make do. Once I had the plywood, there was the task of cutting two 10" panels from each of the 4"x8" sheets.

The ripping gauge for my Skilsaw was not long enough. Thus, back to the old carpenter's trick of a guide for the saw. In my case, the guide was going to be the other sheet of plywood set so that the saw slid along the guide and the blade made the cut where the cut was wanted.

However, that was rather awkward so I went with a long, straight piece of 1"x6" to use as the guide. After trying to clamp the 1"x6" down to provide the guide, I gave it all up and used an 8' section of rectangular aluminum (used to be a Tornado boom) for the "straight edge" to draw a pencil line and cut down the line.

Rather than cutting the two panels next to each other, I cut each panel on the "outside" of the plywood sheet, thus leaving one of the "good" sides of the 4"x8" for the finish line at the top. The cut side would be trimmed to match the shape of the bottom. This approach was a little more work, but it gave me a clean edge of wood for along the top of the hull.

The result is the two side pieces and the bottom section out of each sheet of plywood. I planned to butt join the sides and bottom with an overlap of 3" using short screws and glue. The problem was finding the glue. My existing container of waterproof structural glue had set up from non-use, so I went off to get some more.

The next problem was the lack of such in any of the local stores. Glue they had. "Waterproof" (but not immersion resistant) and non-structural uses seem to be part of the information on the containers. I have no idea what I would use "non-structural" glue for, since the purpose of glue is to hold things together.

Once glue that would do the job was obtained, I had to wait for suitable weather for gluing. The temperature was good but the humidity was high or the temperature was low. Since this is a "winter" project with no deadline, I will wait for some warm, "dry" days and put part of the boat together. Once the glue dries, I will wait a bit and put the next part together.

One of my problems is my allergy to either epoxy or polyester type glues. Part of the directions for building the boat was to attach the bottom to the sides with fiberglass tape and then fiberglass cloth over the whole thing to provide additional strength. The approach would result in a very simple, but strong, hull. Since I cannot use the tape and resin approach, I violated one of the cardinal rules in boat building. I modified the construction plans!

My approach was to follow the construction directions as much as possible with a couple of modifications to allow me a strong, light hull. Since I had frames that were designed for one type of construction and I was doing a different type of construction, the question was one of how to join the sides to the bottom. Most wooden boats use a chine strip to anchor the sides and bottom together.

The frames fit around the chine to provide strength (and a lot of construction problems in terms of angle of fit of the frame, chine strip and sides/bottom). Since the frames were designed for construction without an interior chine strip, I plan to use an exterior chine strip to provide a place to attach the bottom and sides. This approach is not pretty but it does work, and for what I am building the method would work quite nicely.

My second modification was a square transom instead of the double ender in the plans (this started as a pirogue, you understand). I want the additional width in the stern for me and to provide a bit more stability. What I did was to extend the width of the hull at the max point back to the stern. I had the plywood and all that was needed was to build an additional frame that matched the center frame in the plans.

The first step was to create the sides by butt joining the two pieces (one 8' and one 4') together. Once the two sides are constructed, I will use screws and glue to join the sides to the stem. The next step is to connect the sides to the transom. Then I insert the forward and center frames and the sides will be complete.

Once all the glue has dried, the two pieces of wide plywood will be joined together to create the bottom of the vessel. This will not be quite as easy as the earlier operations as I need to create enough room in the garage to lay flat two pieces of plywood about 28" wide and a total of 12' long. It may be the end of January before all is completed, but I am getting there.

While the boating building project at home is underway, I still have work to do on the boat at Shell Point. One project was to check the raw water pump impeller and replace the raw water hose from the strainer to the raw water pump. I found that I am getting a bit old for the contortions needed to unbolt and re-bolt the raw water pump on the side of the diesel engine as well as getting the replacement belt tightened properly. Over a couple of weekends, the job will be accomplished and I should again have an operational powerboat.

Long Cedar Logs

By Mike Bill
mbill@theratears.com

Attention all boat builders, especially those looking to strip build or clinker build in western red cedar. I have access to a stash of some 20 or so western red cedar ex-telephone poles. Most are 12" diameter or better at narrow end and nominally 12' and 20' lengths. These are located at a custom lumberyard in Harrison Twp, New Jersey (south of Mullica Hill on Rt 77). This dealer also has three large New Jersey white cedar logs, nominally 10' each, but 18" diameter and better, and a huge assortment of cherry, walnut, pine and other regional woods. He contracts a Wood Mizer owner to cut wood to customer specs. He holds logs until he has a buyer.

Shown are four pictures of the western red cedar, one of a partial stack of poles and three of some shorter cull logs being cut for rough decking material (this had more knots than I would want, later log was much clearer). The logs have natural checks and some creosote, which essentially penetrates 1" and is cut off by the sawing process. There is still a good selection available. I myself bought about 1000bf sawn to 1 1/2"x6"x20' lengths which I will use to prep strips/veneers for my next build, a Marsh Cat.

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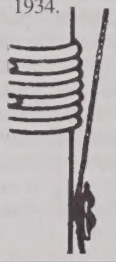

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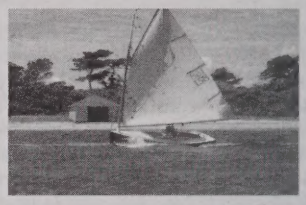

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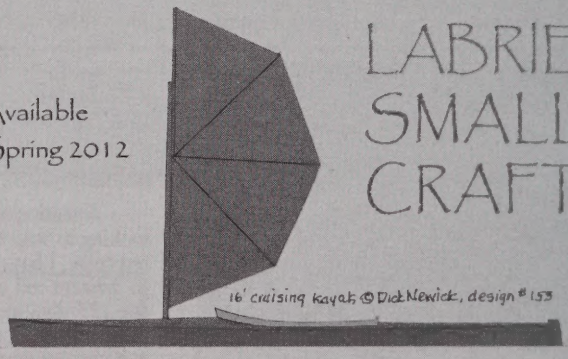

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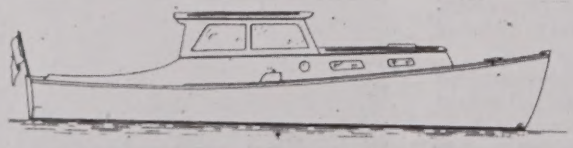

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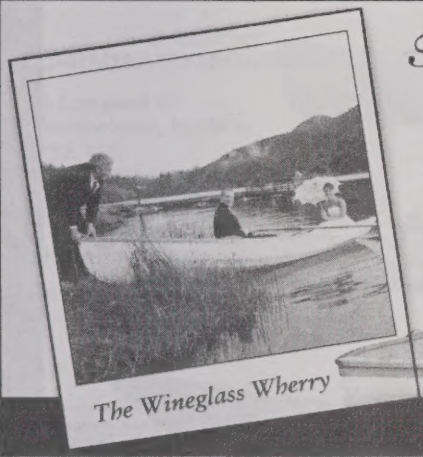

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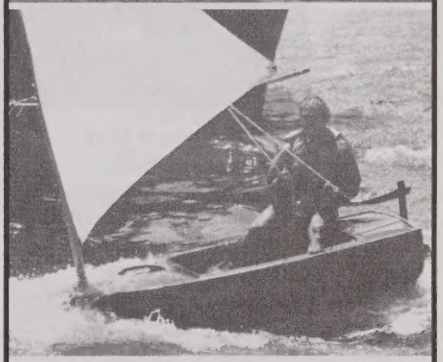
We are saddened to inform all of you that Jim passed away in October at age 80. We thought he'd like to leave you with these photos enjoying himself in two of his own creations, the "A Duckah" and the "Wee Punkin" and his salutation from his ongoing correspondence with many of you.



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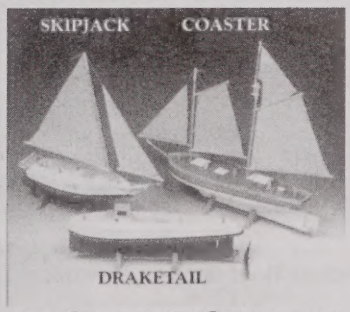

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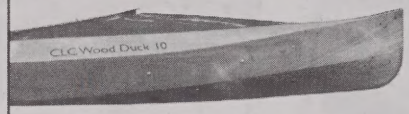

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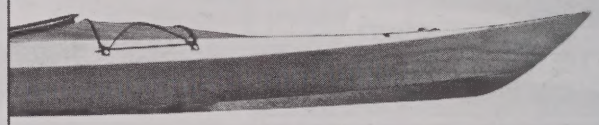

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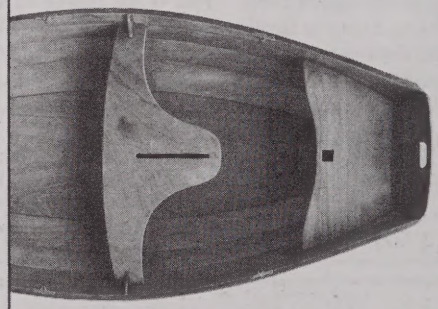

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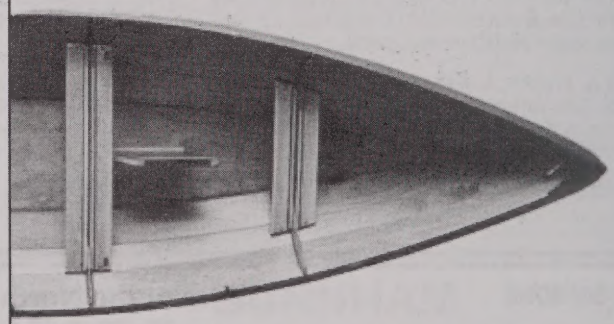

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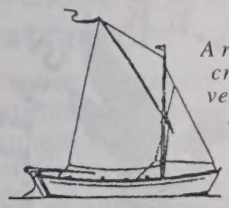

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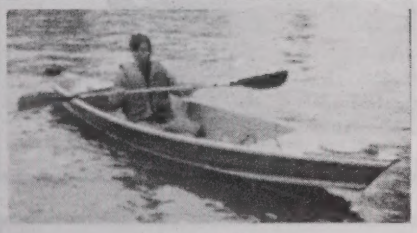

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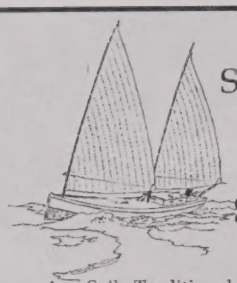

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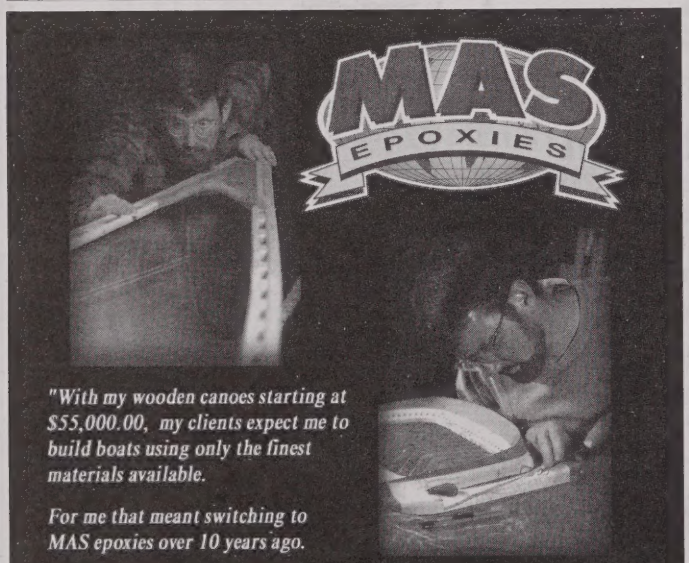

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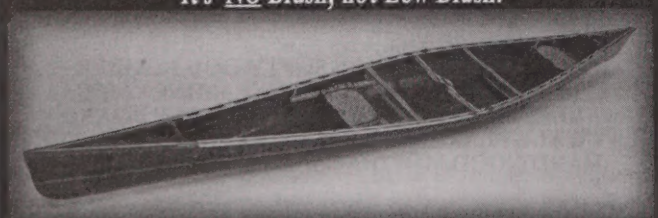

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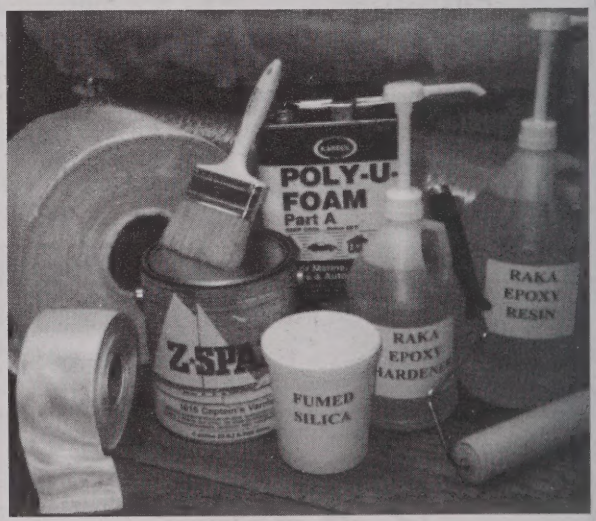

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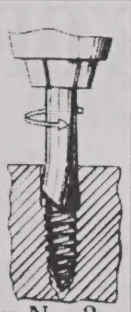

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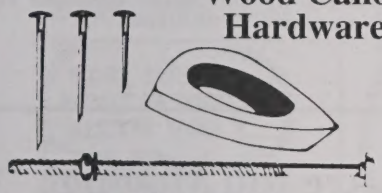

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CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE

13' Melon Seed Skiff, lapstrake cedar on ash, new Crawford spars & sail, solid trlr, new tires & spare, mooring works better than dry sailing. $2,200.
NICK SCHEUR, (815) 398-5640, nscheuer@comcast net (2)

'06 Sea Pearl 21, 2hp Honda, collapsible cabin top, Continental trlr, like new cond. Asking $12,000. **Picaroon II,** Sam Rabl designed built '06 (cedar strips w/epoxy-fiberglass). Rebuilt Farryman Diesel, new tandem axle custom trlr. Everything in exc cond. Both located eastern Ontario. Asking $7,500.
BURTON BLAIS, (613) 258-2190, bblais56@yahoo.ca (2)

Klepper Master, (no longer made), compl sailing rig (mast, leeboards & rudder). Cotton sails, (good dinghy sails) in exc cond. Comes w/comp hull frame & padded seats, mahogany trim & boat cover in carrying bags. $200.
JIM HUNTLEY, Keene, NH, (603) 352-6864 (2)

28' Pilothouse Trawler, just completed 5 year project, cross between Surf Scooter & Nordic Tug. 28'x11'x3'. Heavy duty fg hull, low hours Perkins 4-109 50hp Diesel, electric windlass, bow thruster, hot & cold water, refrigerator/freezer, propane stove, bimini & top deck enclosure, GPS, depth finder, VHF, 30amp shore power, room for generator, 10hp electric start ob backup (controls at helm). 60gals fuel, 80gals water, 20gals waste. All systems functional & tested in water this summer. Could use finish cosmetics (paint and curtains). $16,000. Located Lake Champlain VT
BILL MOULTON, (802) 479-0858, bill @billmoulton.com (1)

15' Aluminum Tracker, 9.9hp 4-stroke Merc, lots of extras, vy little use. $2,800 cash OBRO. **20' '04 Lunenburg NS Troll Dory,** w/motor well, 2 pr oars, anchor. $2,800 cash OBRO. **18' Old Town Otca Canoe,** built '61, exc cond. $1,500 cash OBRO. **16' Old Town Otca Canoe,** built '49, vy nice cond. $1,500 cash OBRO. **14' Bahamian Sailing Dinghy,** needs rebuilding. $700 cash OBRO.
LEON POTHIER, Westfield, MA, (413) 562-2216. (1)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

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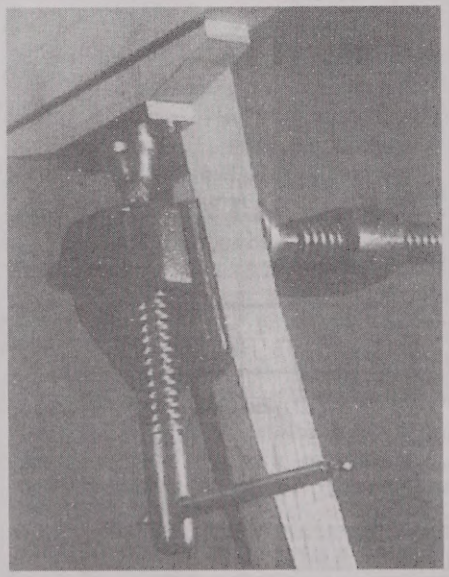
Custom Peapod, with/sliding seat (see video of standard 16' foot model at rowAlden.com). Custom decks, bulkheads, w/hatches, epoxy paint; carbon fiber oars; custom hand dolly w/rollers: Trailex trlr: total $5,500.
FRANK PENNA, (860) 326-5812. (1)

Beetle Cat Boat, built '79. I am the original owner. This boat has been well cared for, in grt cond. Original hardware, mast & sail, new deck canvas & cockpit cover. A real sweetheart. Asking $4,800.
GERD WEHNER, Astor FL, (352) 759-3671. (1)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Klepper Aerius Rig, sail, mast, leeboards, rudder & foot pedals. Compl rig in carrying bags in gd cond. $200.
JIM HUNTLEY, Keene, NH, (603) 352-6864. (2)

GEAR FOR SALE



Carvel Plankers Agree: Conant Planking Clamps are the best if you want tight seams with no hassles. Three sizes suit dinghies to 40-footers. In use by professionals for over 25 years and still in demand. Herreshoff restorers and beginners swear by these rugged and dependable helpers. You will, too.
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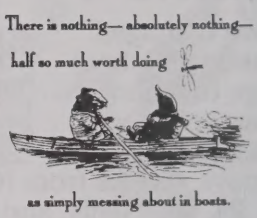

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GEAR WANTED

Depth Finder, good used or new of the flasher type w/transducer if possible. **Good Marine Diesel Inboard** for my 26" Woodwind sailboat. Would like to have 1-2cyl in the 10-15hp range. MIKE HOWSLEY, (337)462-9384, mhowsley@xfoneusa.net (1)

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STANLEY T. MARKOCKI, 97 Bar Beach Rd, Port Washington, NY 11050 (1)

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By: Robert L. Summers

Perils Afloat

WE'RE BECALMED! WE'VE VANISHED FROM THE RADAR!! WE'RE ADRIFT AT SEA!!!
PLEASE DON'T PANIC, OUR GOOD CAPTAIN ALWAYS HAS A PLAN....
WHAT? LATITUDE 40.57N; LONGITUDE 58.04S... HELMSMAN, STEER A COURSE OF 60°, AH BETTER YET, TRY 75°....
...THE MAN NEVER GETS LOST, HE JUST CHANGES WHERE IT IS WE ARE GOING!
...WE'VE LOST ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE MAIN LAND AND SEAS ARE GETTING HEAVY....
...TRYING TO REPAIR THAT BROKEN MAST IS LIKE WASHING WINDOWS WHILE THE LIVING ROOM RUG IS ON FIRE....
...I'LL SEND OUT ANOTHER DISTRESS SIGNAL AND YOU BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR ANY RESCUE AIRCRAFT!
...THE BOY'S MIND IS A BANK-SIDE RESERVOIR WITH A LARGE LEAK AND A SMALL SUPPLY OF WATER....
SIR, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?...
...WE FOLLOWED THOSE SPECIAL CHARTS YOU PREPARED FOR ANTIGUA AND BARBUDA CIRCUMNAVIGATION....
...AT ONE POINT IT TOOK US FIVE HOURS JUST TO SAIL FROM CADES REEF TO CARLISLE BAY....
YAH, ME TOO!
THERE NEVER ARE ANY ARTICLES ABOUT PONTOON BOATS....
...AND SO MUCH TO REPORT... PONTOON PARTY TIPS, PONTOON DESIGN FOR THE NEXT CENTURY, LIFESTYLES OF THE PONTOON CROWD....
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Upcoming Shows

Jan 4-8, New York Boat Show, NY
Jan 12-15 Atlanta Boat Show, GA
Jan 19–22 Baltimore Boat Show,
Jan 27-29 Hartford Boat Show, CT
Feb 1-5 Atlantic City Boat Show,
Feb 16–20 Miami Boat Show, FL
Mar 16-18 Maine Boat Builder's S

The second person to ever sa
is John Beal, shown in the phot
left.

John and his wife, Sharon, own Vermont Business Brokers. When he is not helping people buy and sell businesses, John is out sailing.

He sails on the ocean all winter long and sails on Lake Champlain as long as she is liquid. If you search for "windy October laser sailing" on Google his footage should come up.

We don't yet have any footage of John sailing Mimi...but imagine we will pretty soon.

We will have Mimi with us at the shows listed above and, as she is still a work-in-progress, we look forward to discussing her details with any who are interested.

If you drop us a line we will send along a color hi-res version of this photo, as well as a few others you might enjoy.